EDUCOMICS

I SAW IT

THE ATOMIC BOMBING of HIROSHIMA

$2

A SURVIVOR'S TRUE STORY

by Keiji Nakazawa

Introduction...

Keiji Nakazawa, a survivor of the Hiroshima bombing, wrote and drew this comic book about his own life. *I SAW IT* is an English translation of *ORÉ WA MITA*. It was originally published in black and white in a special issue of the popular Japanese comic book *Shonen Jampu* in September, 1972.

Nakazawa's editor urged him to create a longer work based on *I SAW IT*. With this encouragement, Nakazawa began writing what became the immensely popular *BAREFOOT GEN* series, a historical fiction based on his own experiences.

In *I SAW IT*, and especially in *BAREFOOT GEN*, Nakazawa rages not only against the bomb but also at the militarists who led Japan into war. In addition to his comics about Hiroshima, Nakazawa has also drawn a series about atrocities Japan committed in Manchuria.

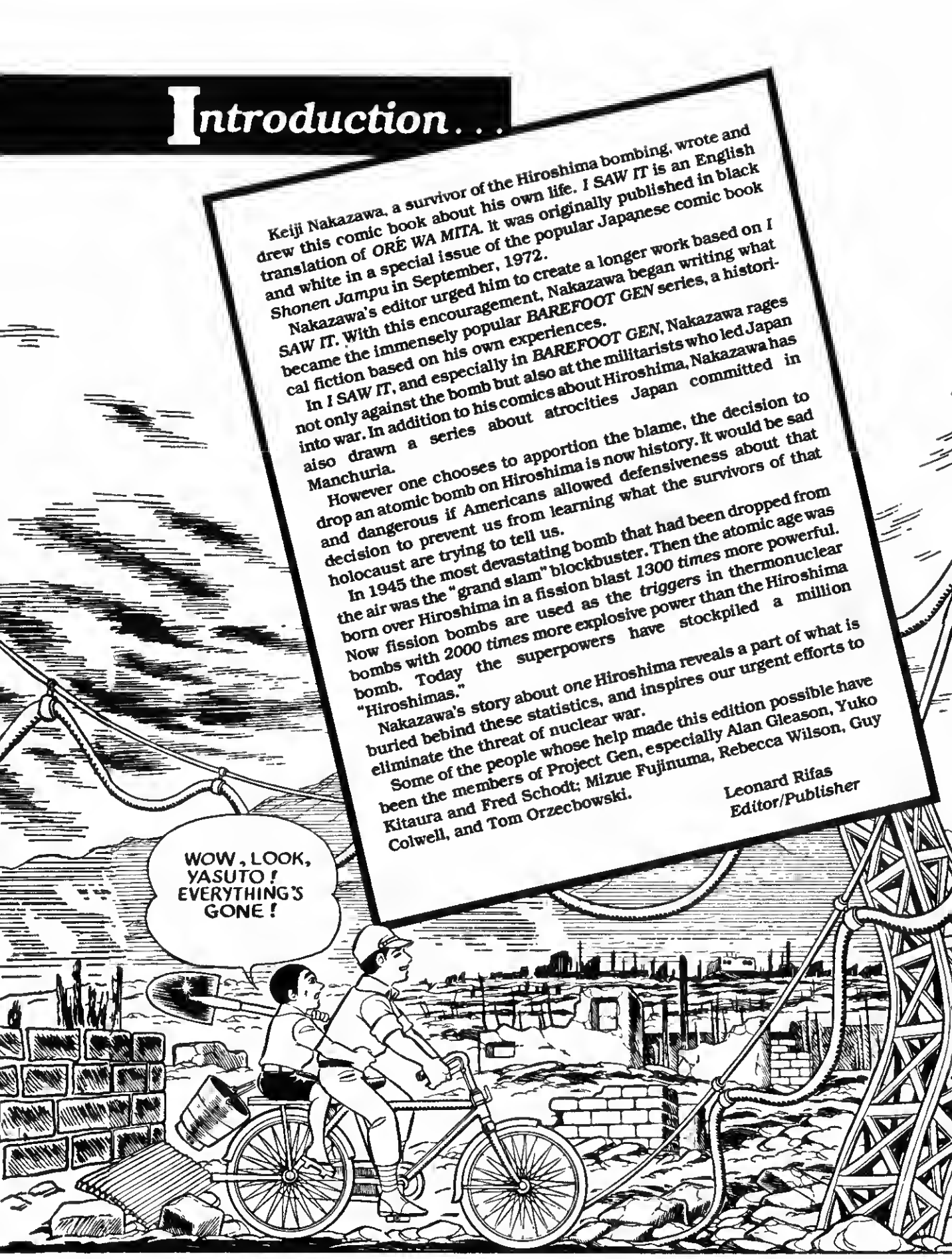
However one chooses to apportion the blame, the decision to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima is now history. It would be sad and dangerous if Americans allowed defensiveness about that decision to prevent us from learning what the survivors of that holocaust are trying to tell us.

In 1945 the most devastating bomb that had been dropped from the air was the "grand slam" blockbuster. Then the atomic age was born over Hiroshima in a fission blast *1300 times* more powerful. Now fission bombs are used as the *triggers* in thermonuclear bombs with *2000 times* more explosive power than the Hiroshima bomb. Today the superpowers have stockpiled a million "Hiroshimas."

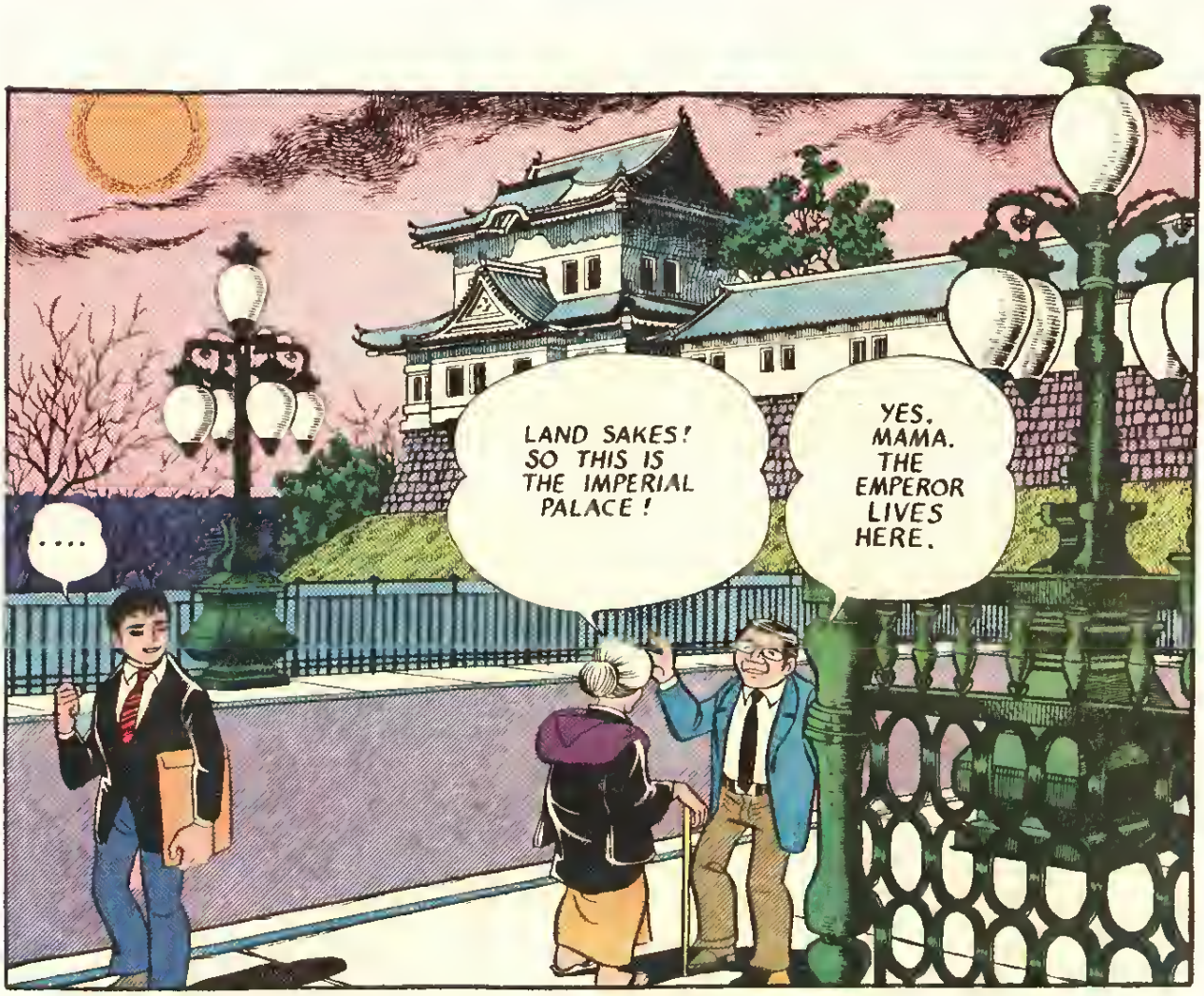
Nakazawa's story about *one* Hiroshima reveals a part of what is buried bebind these statistics, and inspires our urgent efforts to eliminate the threat of nuclear war.

Some of the people whose help made this edition possible have been the members of Project Gen, especially Alan Gleason, Yuko Kitaura and Fred Schodt; Mizue Fujinuma, Rebecca Wilson, Guy Colwell, and Tom Orzechowski.

Leonard Rifas
Editor/Publisher

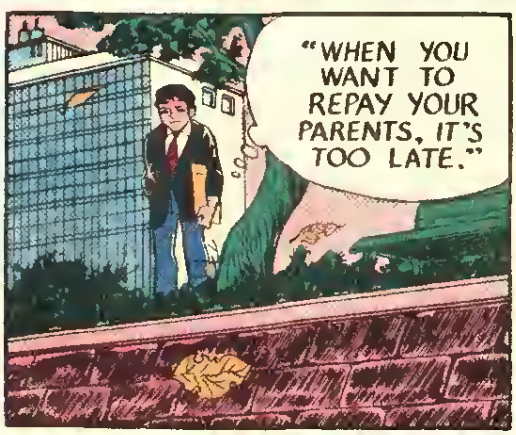


I SAW IT *is copyright © 1982 by Keiji Nakazawa. All rights are reserved.* **I SAW IT** *is published by Educomics, box 40246, San Francisco, California, 94140, USA and printed by World Color Press in Sparta, Illinois. First printing December, 1982. Printing number 5 4 3 2 1*


....
LAND SAKES! SO THIS IS THE IMPERIAL PALACE!
YES, MAMA. THE EMPEROR LIVES HERE.

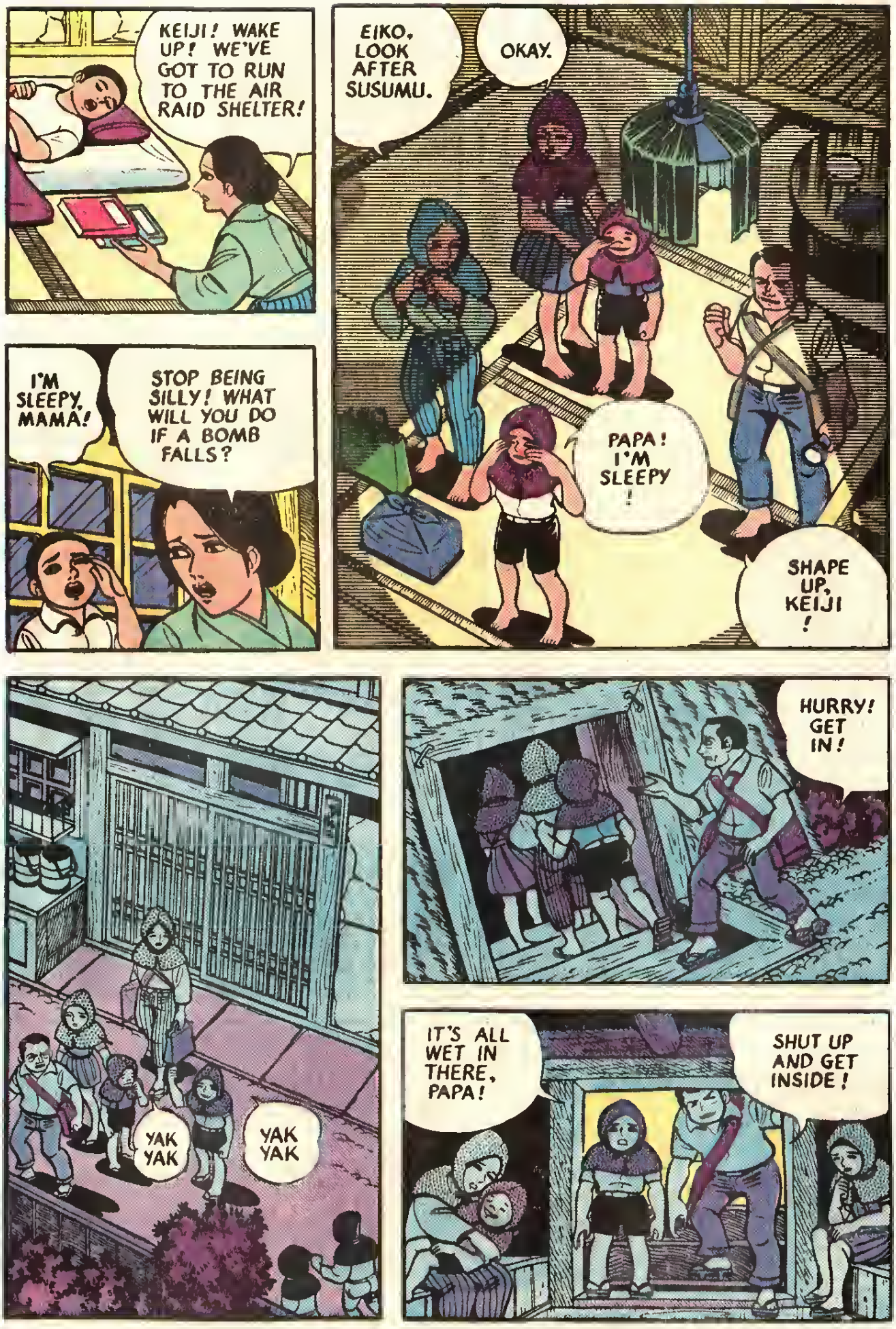
TOURISTS FROM THE COUNTRY, EH...
PRAISE TO AMIDA BUDDHA, PRAISE TO AMIDA BUDDHA...

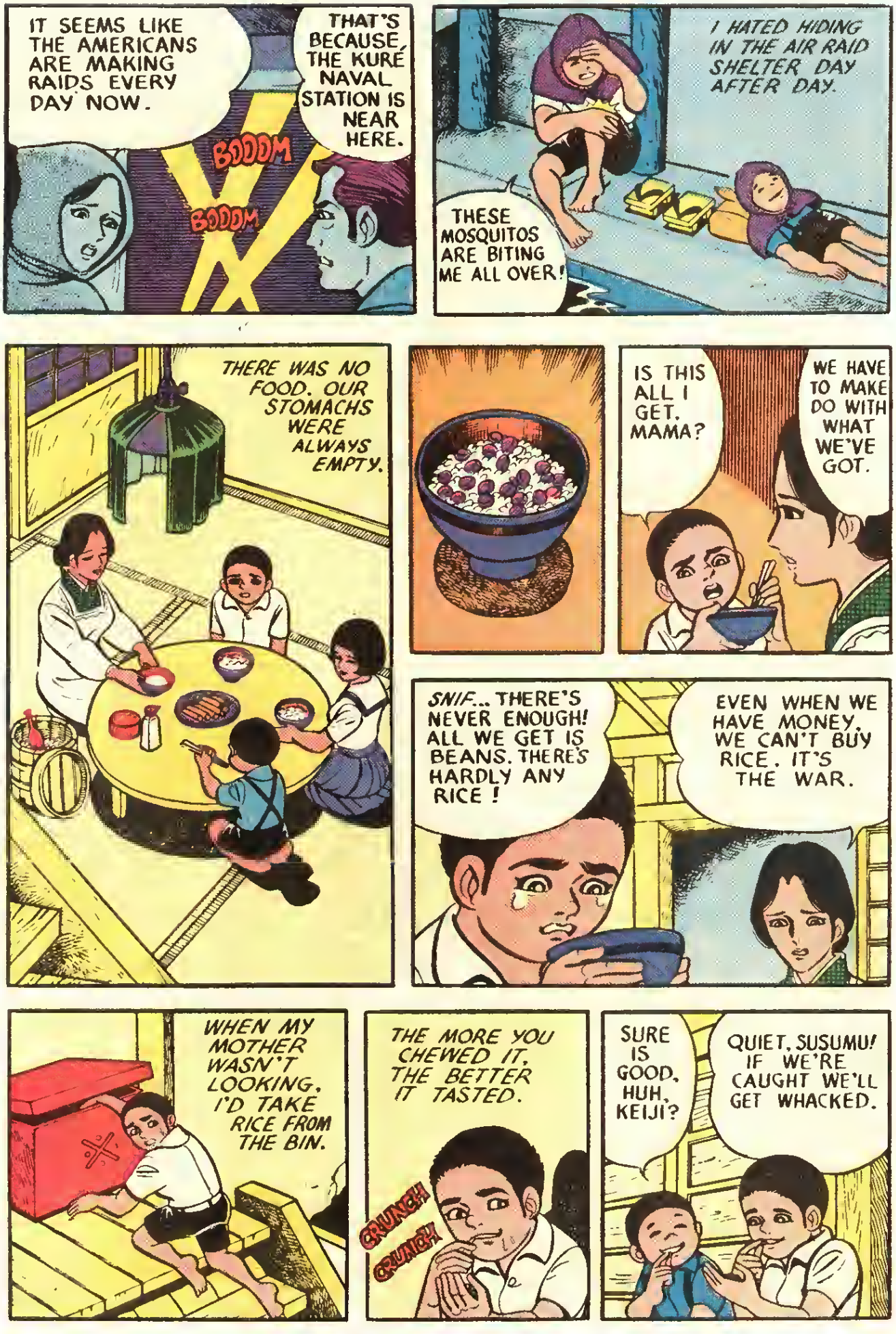
I PROMISED MY MOTHER I'D SHOW HER TOKYO...
... BUT I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE. LIKE THEY ALWAYS SAY....

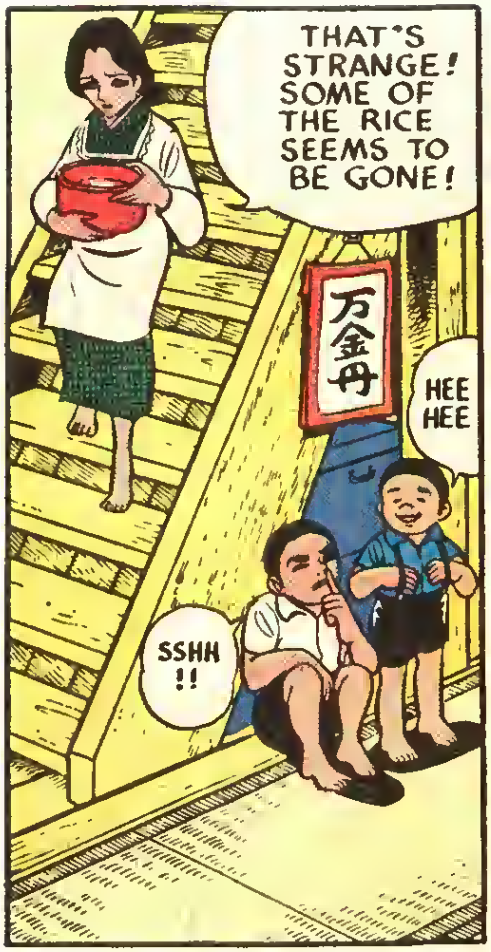

"WHEN YOU WANT TO REPAY YOUR PARENTS, IT'S TOO LATE."

SEEMS MY MA WAS BORN IN THIS WORLD TO SUFFER...
...AND SHE SUFFERED RIGHT UP TILL THE DAY SHE DIED.

BUT SHE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED A LOT LESS IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE WAR.
I CAN'T REMEMBER A DAY THAT WASN'T HARD FOR HER.
KLUNK
RUSH
I AM KEIJI NAKAZAWA... BORN IN HIROSHIMA CITY, MARCH 1939... THIRD SON OUT OF FIVE KIDS.
THE EARLIEST DAYS I CAN REMEMBER WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WAR THAT STARTED IN 1941.
SKREEEEE
AIR RAID !!
AIR RAID !!
TRAMP
TRAMP

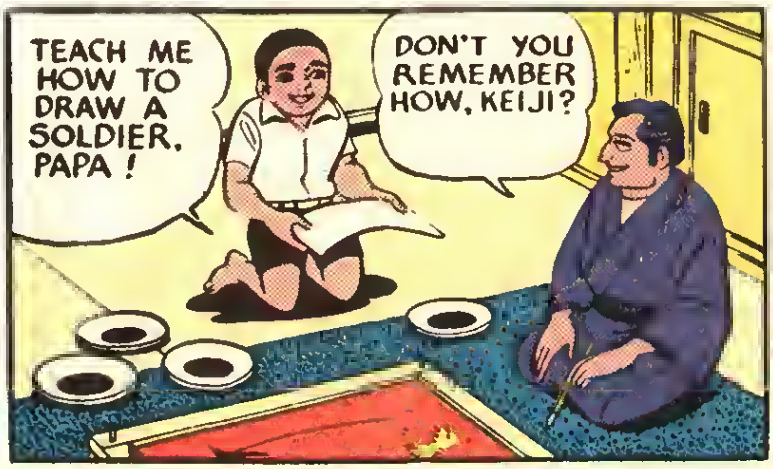

KEIJI! WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT TO RUN TO THE AIR RAID SHELTER!
EIKO, LOOK AFTER SUSUMU.
OKAY.
I'M SLEEPY, MAMA!
STOP BEING SILLY! WHAT WILL YOU DO IF A BOMB FALLS?
PAPA! I'M SLEEPY!
SHAPE UP, KEIJI!
HURRY! GET IN!
YAK YAK
YAK YAK
IT'S ALL WET IN THERE, PAPA!
SHUT UP AND GET INSIDE!


IT SEEMS LIKE THE AMERICANS ARE MAKING RAIDS EVERY DAY NOW.
THAT'S BECAUSE, THE KURE NAVAL STATION IS NEAR HERE.
BOOOM
BOOOM
I HATED HIDING IN THE AIR RAID SHELTER DAY AFTER DAY.
THESE MOSQUITOS ARE BITING ME ALL OVER!
THERE WAS NO FOOD. OUR STOMACHS WERE ALWAYS EMPTY.
IS THIS ALL I GET, MAMA?
WE HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT WE'VE GOT.
SNIF... THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH! ALL WE GET IS BEANS. THERE'S HARDLY ANY RICE!
EVEN WHEN WE HAVE MONEY, WE CAN'T BUY RICE. IT'S THE WAR.
WHEN MY MOTHER WASN'T LOOKING, I'D TAKE RICE FROM THE BIN.
THE MORE YOU CHEWED IT, THE BETTER IT TASTED.
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
SURE IS GOOD, HUH, KEIJI?
QUIET, SUSUMU! IF WE'RE CAUGHT WE'LL GET WHACKED.


THAT'S STRANGE! SOME OF THE RICE SEEMS TO BE GONE!
万金丹
HEE HEE
SSHH !!

FOR GENERATIONS OUR FAMILY WAS IN THE BUSINESS OF PAINTING WOODEN CLOGS.

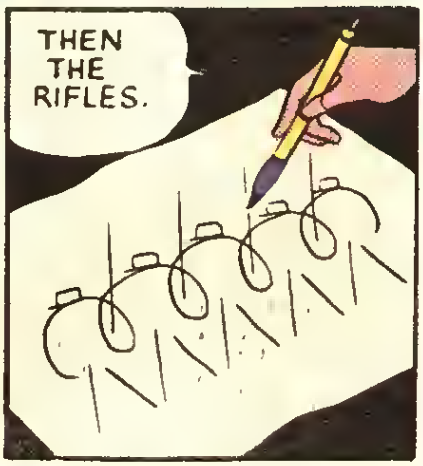
MY FATHER ALSO DID LACQUERWORK AND TRADITIONAL STYLE PAINTINGS.
HE HAD NO BUSINESS SENSE. HE GAVE AWAY VALUABLE PAINTINGS.

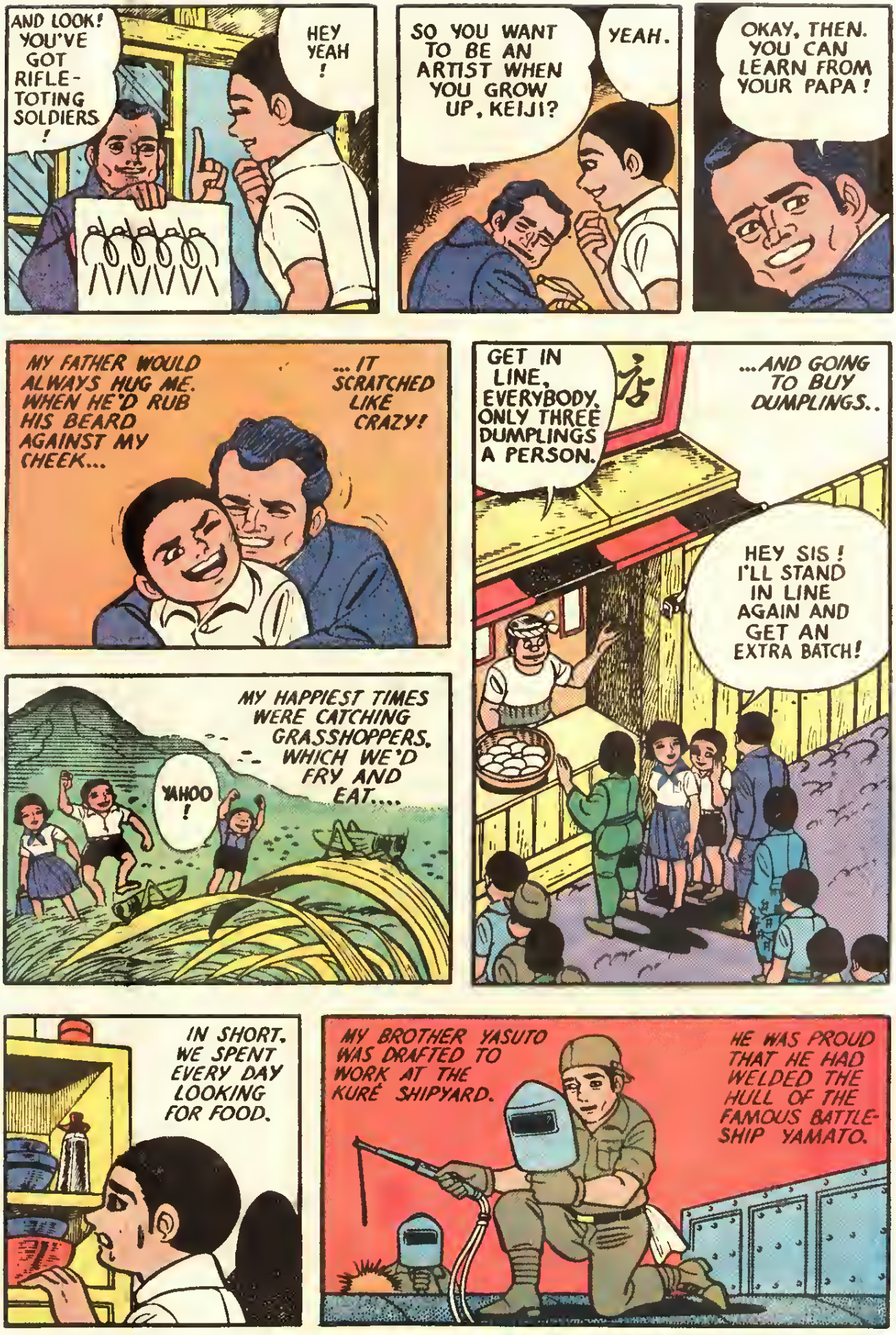

TEACH ME HOW TO DRAW A SOLDIER, PAPA!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW, KEIJI?

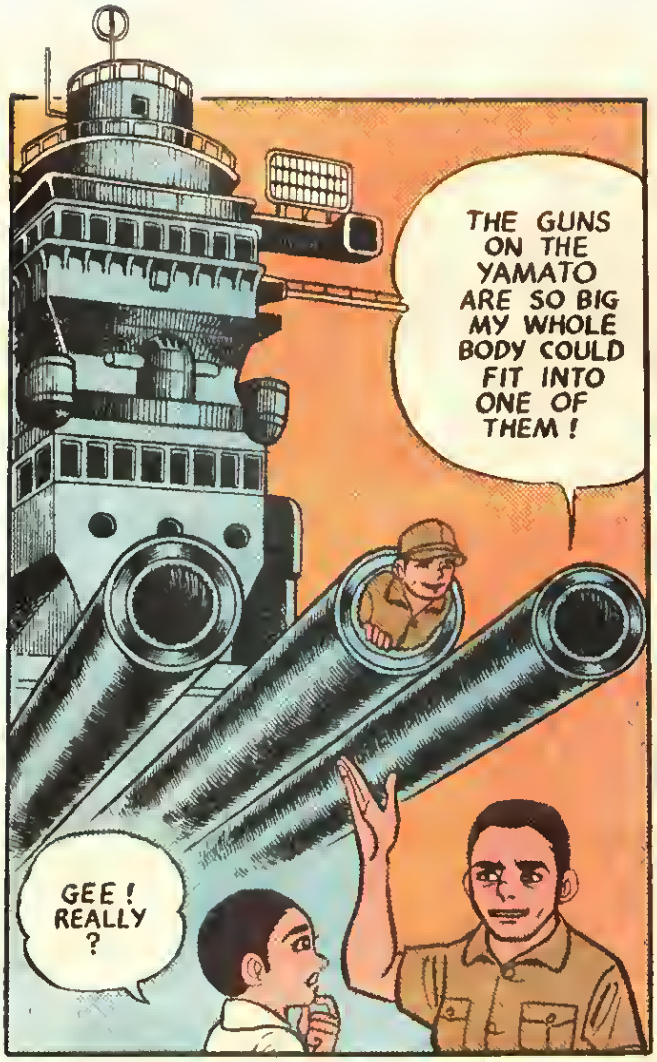
ALL RIGHT. WATCH CAREFULLY NOW.
FIRST YOU LOOP-THE-LOOP.

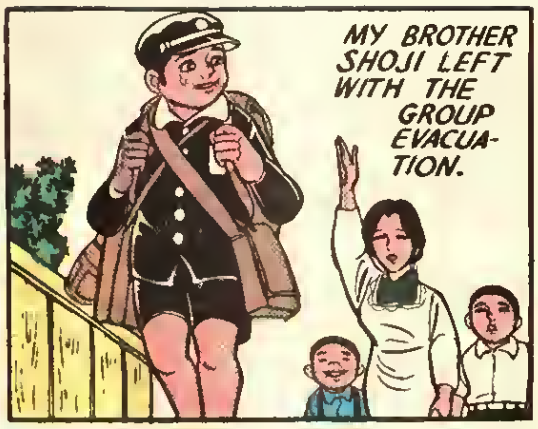
NEXT THE HATS GO ON TOP..

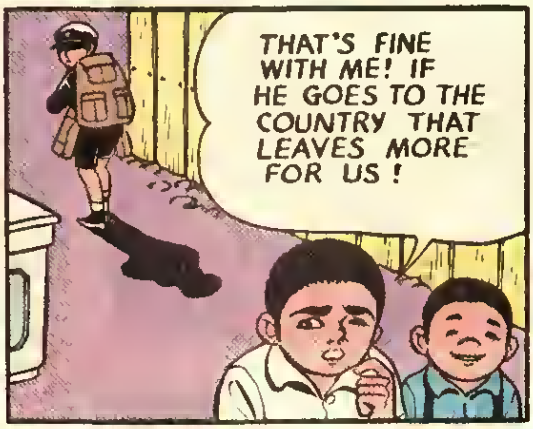
AND THE LEGS ON THE BOTTOM.


THEN THE RIFLES.

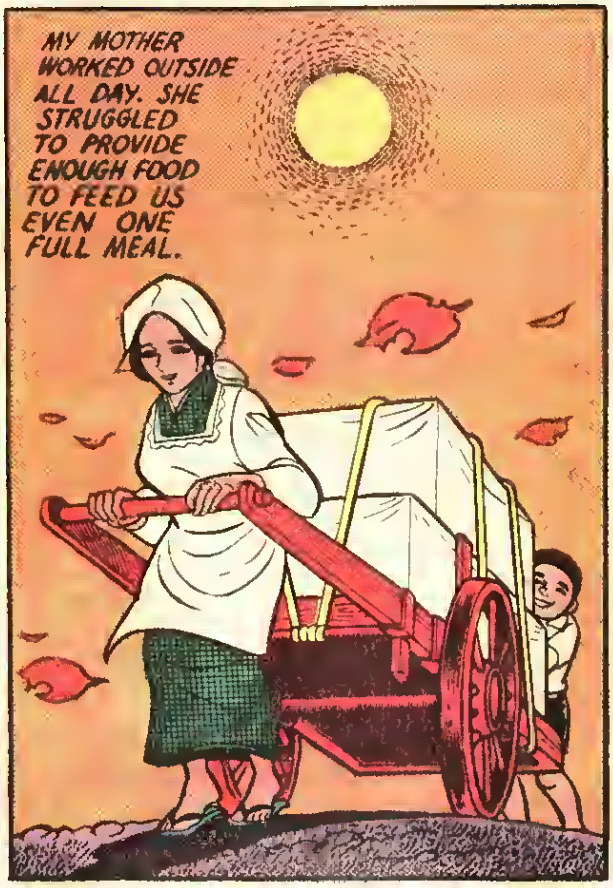

AND LOOK! YOU'VE GOT RIFLE-TOTING SOLDIERS!
HEY YEAH!
SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ARTIST WHEN YOU GROW UP, KEIJI?
YEAH.
OKAY, THEN. YOU CAN LEARN FROM YOUR PAPA!
MY FATHER WOULD ALWAYS HUG ME. WHEN HE'D RUB HIS BEARD AGAINST MY CHEEK...
...IT SCRATCHED LIKE CRAZY!
GET IN LINE, EVERYBODY. ONLY THREE DUMPLINGS A PERSON.
...AND GOING TO BUY DUMPLINGS..
HEY SIS! I'LL STAND IN LINE AGAIN AND GET AN EXTRA BATCH!
MY HAPPIEST TIMES WERE CATCHING GRASSHOPPERS. WHICH WE'D FRY AND EAT....
YAHOO!
IN SHORT. WE SPENT EVERY DAY LOOKING FOR FOOD.
MY BROTHER YASUTO WAS DRAFTED TO WORK AT THE KURE SHIPYARD.
HE WAS PROUD THAT HE HAD WELDED THE HULL OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE-SHIP YAMATO.

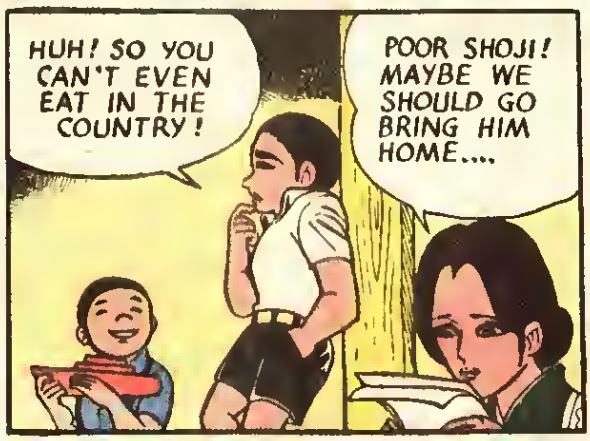

THE GUNS ON THE YAMATO ARE SO BIG MY WHOLE BODY COULD FIT INTO ONE OF THEM!
GEE! REALLY ?


MY BROTHER SHOJI LEFT WITH THE GROUP EVACUATION.

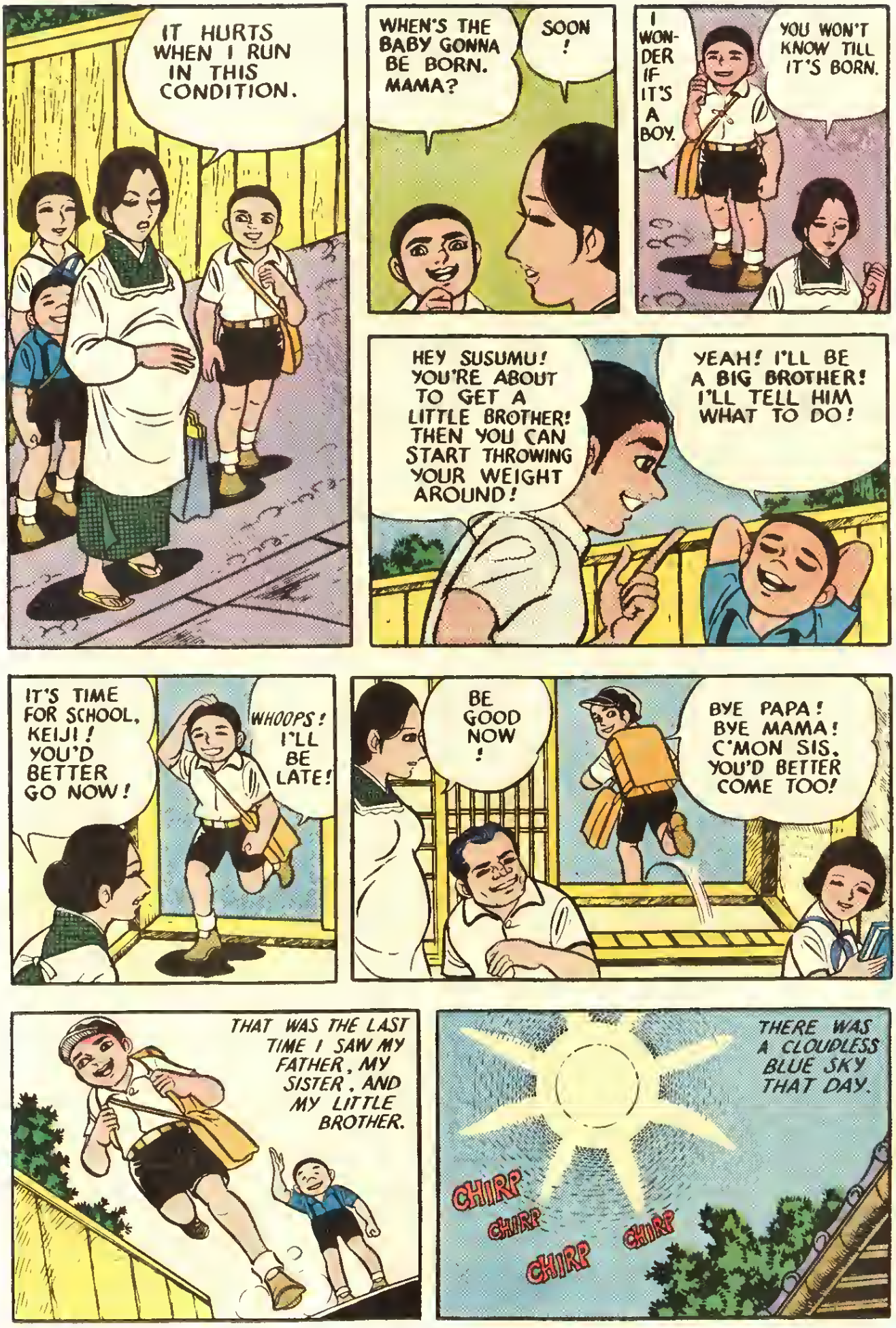

THAT'S FINE WITH ME! IF HE GOES TO THE COUNTRY THAT LEAVES MORE FOR US!

BUT IN HIS LETTERS. SHOJI WROTE THAT HE WAS SO HUNGRY THAT HE ATE THE BEANS IN HIS PILLOW.


MY MOTHER WORKED OUTSIDE ALL DAY. SHE STRUGGLED TO PROVIDE ENOUGH FOOD TO FEED US EVEN ONE FULL MEAL.

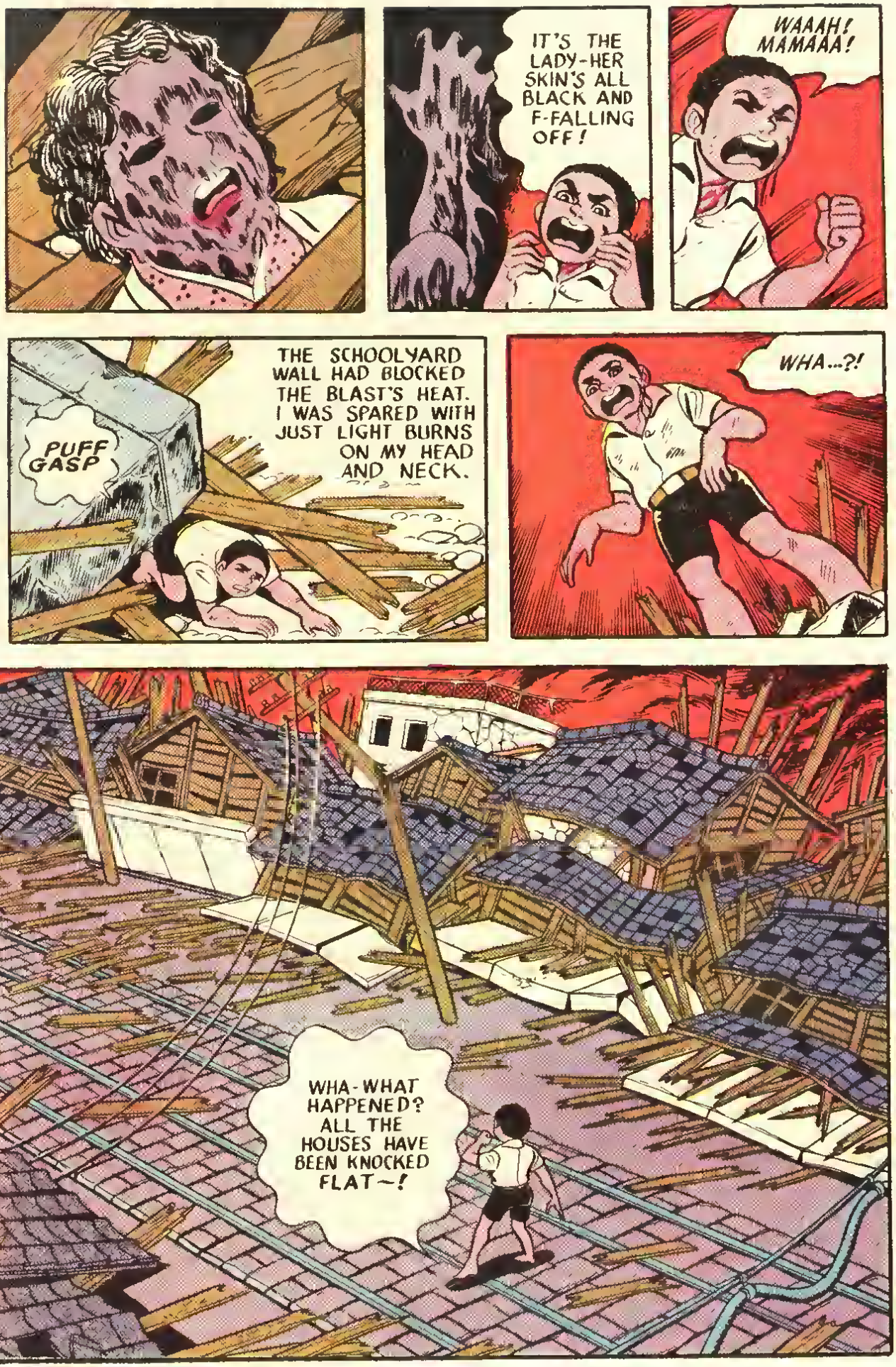

HUH! SO YOU CAN'T EVEN EAT IN THE COUNTRY!
POOR SHOJI! MAYBE WE SHOULD GO BRING HIM HOME....

ON AUGUST 6, 1945, WHEN I WAS JUST A FIRST-GRADER, I WITNESSED A HOLOCAUST THAT LEFT AN INDELIBLE MARK ON HISTORY.
AIR RAID !!
AIR RAID !!
HUFF PUFF
KEIJI, SUSUMU, EIKO... HURRY !
ISN'T IT STRANGE FOR AN ENEMY PLANE TO COME IN THE MORNING, PAPA?
YES, IT IS.
GEE, IT GOT OUT OF HERE FAST. MUST'VE BEEN A SCOUT PLANE!
ALL CLEAR !!
EVERYONE BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF AND CLIMBED OUT OF THE SHELTERS.
HAD THEY REMAINED INSIDE, HOW MANY MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED?
A SINGLE B-29 BOMBER HAD APPEARED HIGH OVER HIROSHIMA. NOW IT TURNED BACK AGAIN.


IT HURTS WHEN I RUN IN THIS CONDITION.
WHEN'S THE BABY GONNA BE BORN. MAMA?
SOON !
I WONDER IF IT'S A BOY.
YOU WON'T KNOW TILL IT'S BORN.
HEY SUSUMU! YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A LITTLE BROTHER! THEN YOU CAN START THROWING YOUR WEIGHT AROUND!
YEAH! I'LL BE A BIG BROTHER! I'LL TELL HIM WHAT TO DO!
IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL, KEIJI! YOU'D BETTER GO NOW!
WHOOPS! I'LL BE LATE!
BE GOOD NOW !
BYE PAPA! BYE MAMA! C'MON SIS, YOU'D BETTER COME TOO!
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW MY FATHER, MY SISTER, AND MY LITTLE BROTHER.
THERE WAS A CLOUDLESS BLUE SKY THAT DAY.
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, WE'RE OFF TO SCHOOL TOGETHER
THANKS TO MR. SOLDIER! FIGHTING FOR OUR COUNTRY, FIGHTING FOR OUR COUNTRY
THANK YOU, MR. SOLDIER!
EXCUSE ME...
YES, MA'AM ?
IS THE FIRST GRADE CLASS HELD AT THE SCHOOL OR THE TEMPLE TODAY ?
GEE, I DON'T KNOW.
OH DEAR... I WONDER WHERE I CAN FIND OUT...
HEY! IT'S A B-29!
WHY, SO IT IS!
HOW COULD I HAVE DREAMED THAT THIS PLANE WOULD DROP AN ATOMIC BOMB ON US?
THAT SCHOOL-YARD WALL PROVED TO BE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH FOR ME.

8:15 a.m.
UNH-
AAAH-!
LIKE A MILLION FLASHBULBS EXPLODING AT ONCE, A TERRIBLE YELLOW-ORANGE LIGHT, WHITE-HOT AT THE CENTER, RUSHED TOWARDS ME. I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS — FOR HOW LONG, I HAVE NO IDEA.
OOOOHH...
I WAS IN SUCH SHOCK THAT I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THE NAIL THAT HAD STUCK IN MY CHEEK, OR THE BLOOD POURING FROM THE WOUND.
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S PITCH DARK!
GA'SP-

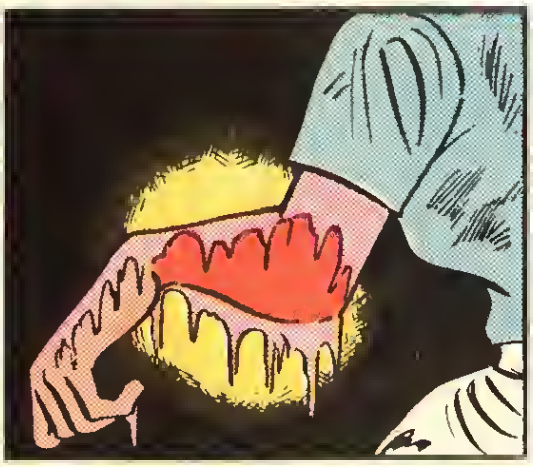

IT'S THE LADY-HER SKIN'S ALL BLACK AND F-FALLING OFF!
WAAAH! MAMAAA!
THE SCHOOLYARD WALL HAD BLOCKED THE BLAST'S HEAT. I WAS SPARED WITH JUST LIGHT BURNS ON MY HEAD AND NECK.
PUFF GASP
WHA...?!
WHA-WHAT HAPPENED? ALL THE HOUSES HAVE BEEN KNOCKED FLAT~!

ACK-
!

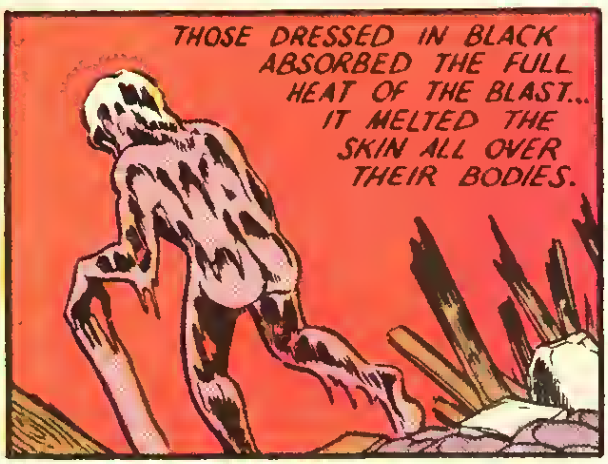
GROAN...

W-WATER
...

YAGH!
EVERYBODY'S
TURNED
INTO
MONSTERS
!



PEOPLE WEARING WHITE
CLOTHES WEREN'T BURNED
SO BADLY....BUT THEIR
SKIN MELTED WHERE
IT WAS EXPOSED.

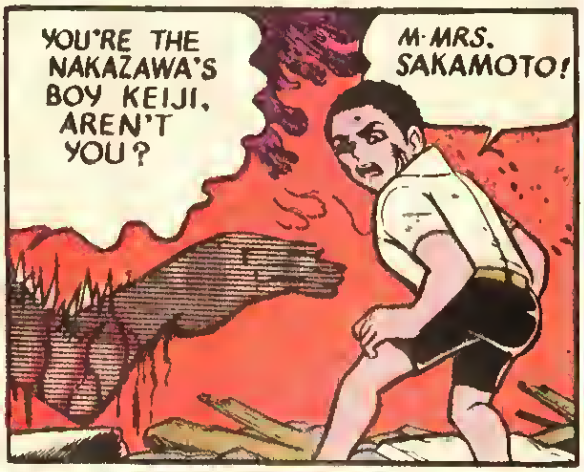

THOSE DRESSED IN BLACK
ABSORBED THE FULL
HEAT OF THE BLAST...
IT MELTED THE
SKIN ALL OVER
THEIR BODIES.

PUFF PUFF
HELP! HELP!
IT HURTS ...
AAAGHHH... WATER, PLEASE, WATER...

MA-MA-AA!!

AH!

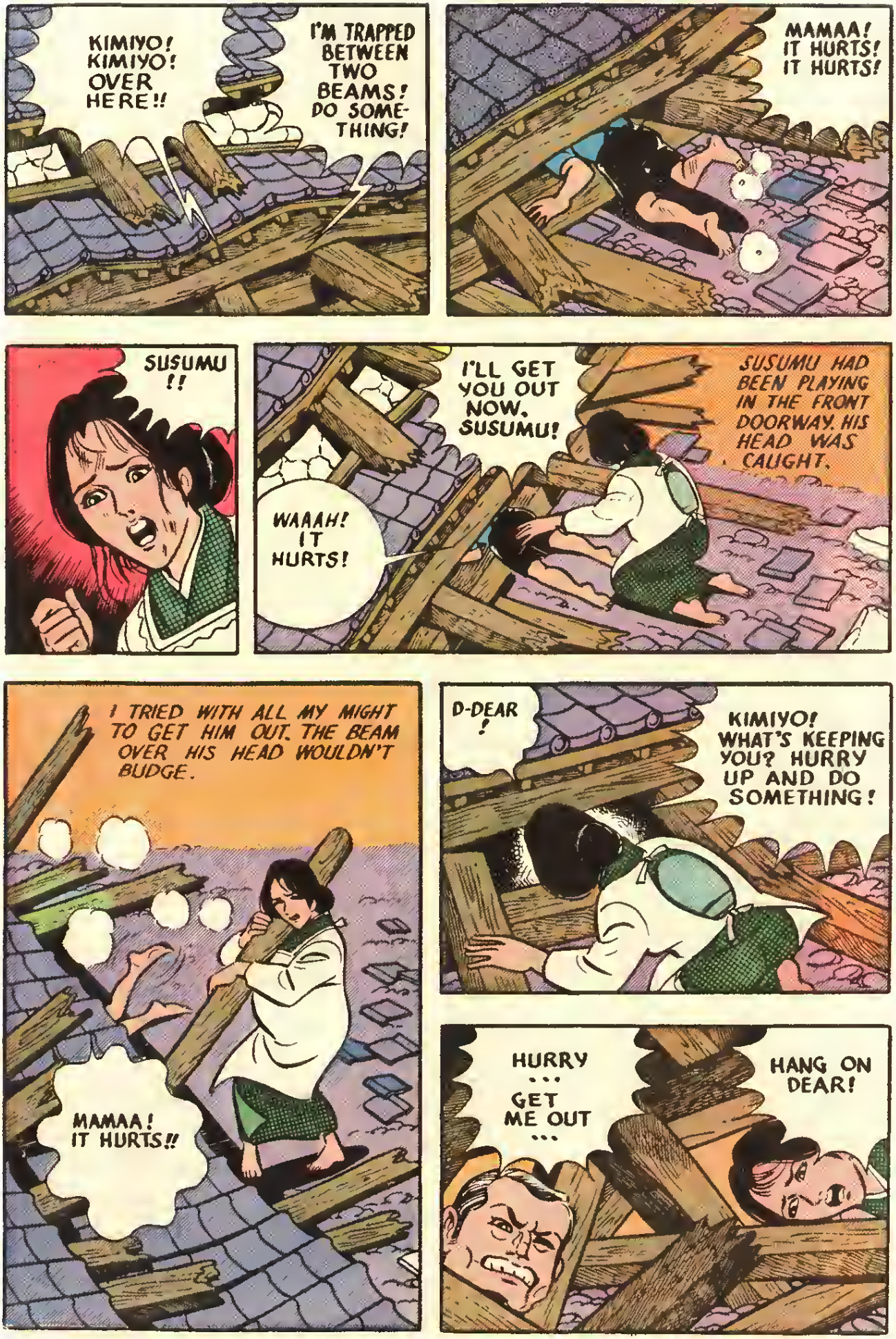
OUR HOUSE... IT'S - IT'S BURNING!
MAMA! PAPA! EIKO! SUSUMU!

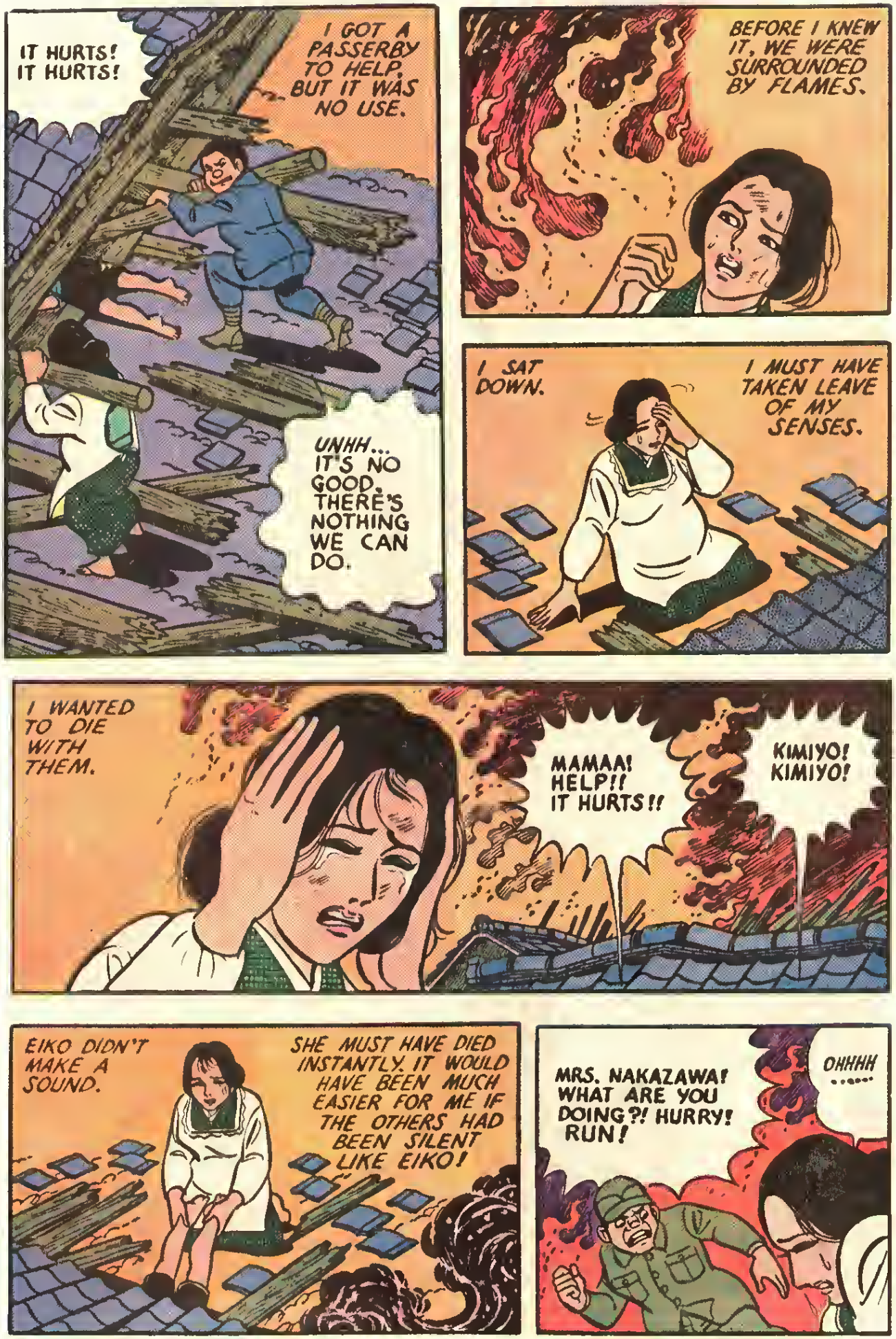

YOU'RE THE NAKAZAWA'S BOY KEIJI, AREN'T YOU?
M-MRS. SAKAMOTO!

MY MAMA - IS SHE...?
THE BLAST HAD DRIVEN SHATTERED WINDOW GLASS INTO HER BODY.

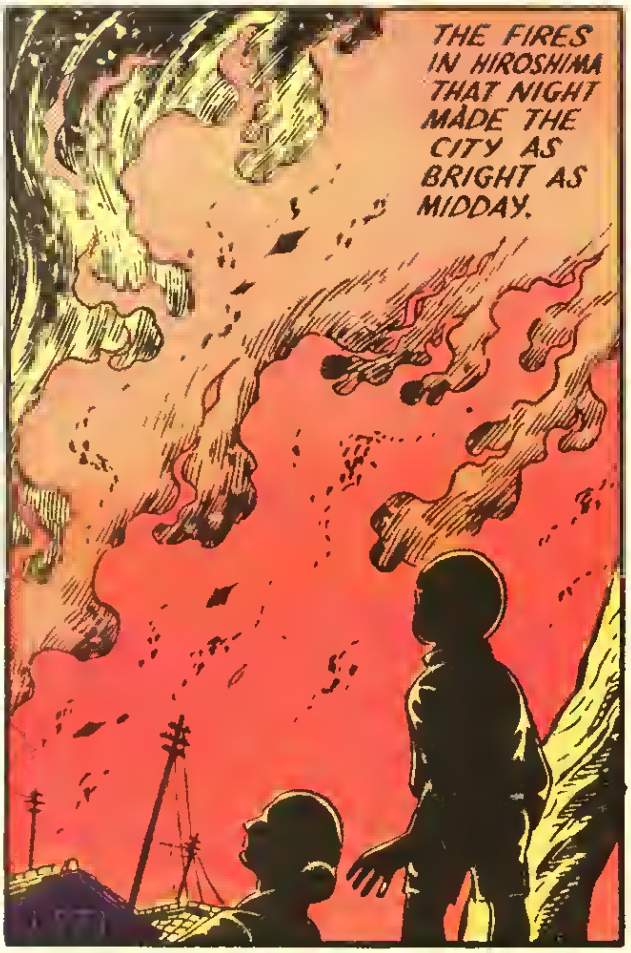
YOUR MOTHER'S ALL RIGHT. SHE'S BY THE TROLLEY TRACKS ON KAWAGUCHI STREET. HURRY, GO NOW.
Y-YES MA'AM.
GROAN .....
MA-MA-AA!! MA-MA-AAM !!!
PUFF PUFF.
CRUNCH
MAMAA!
K-KEIJI— YOU'RE SAFE...
M-MA-MA....
HERE, KEIJI! HERE!!
M-MAMA!!

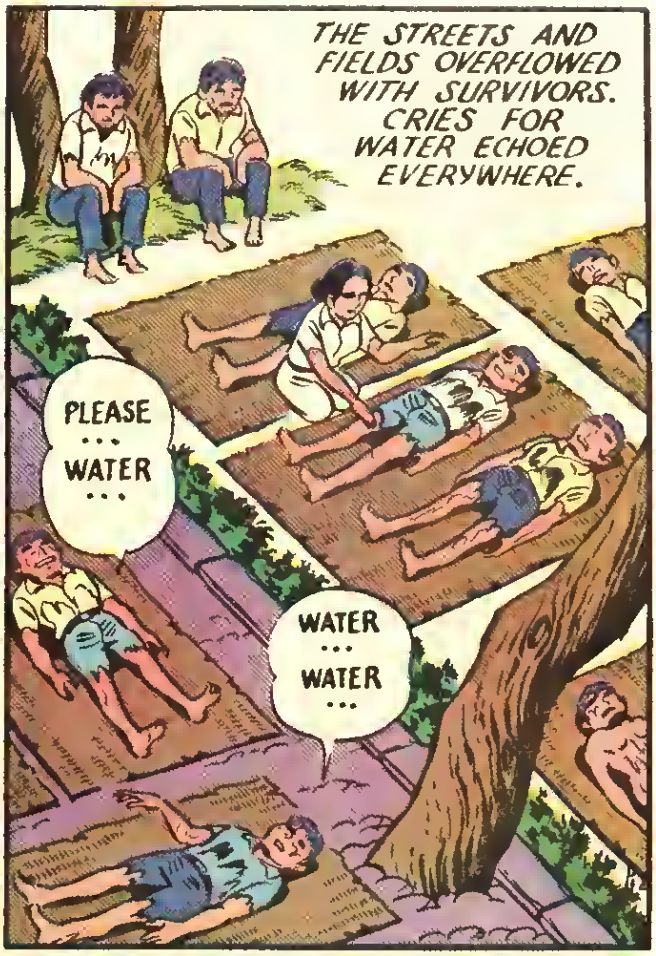
MAMA– IS THIS BABY... ?
I GAVE BIRTH TO HER RIGHT HERE A LITTLE WHILE AGO. A NEIGHBOR HELPED ME.
WH-WHERE'S PAPA AND EIKO AND SUSUMU?
THEY'RE DEAD... THEY'RE BURNING IN THAT FIRE.
. . . .
. . . .
H-HOW? WH-WHY?
I WAS HANGING CLOTHES TO DRY UP ON THE ROOF..
A FLASH CAME... THE ROOF BLEW DOWN.
I WAS LUCKY. I WAS NOT HURT AT ALL.
DEAR!! EIKO!! SUSUMU !!
BUT YOUR FATHER, SISTER AND BROTHER WERE PINNED UNDER THE HOUSE.

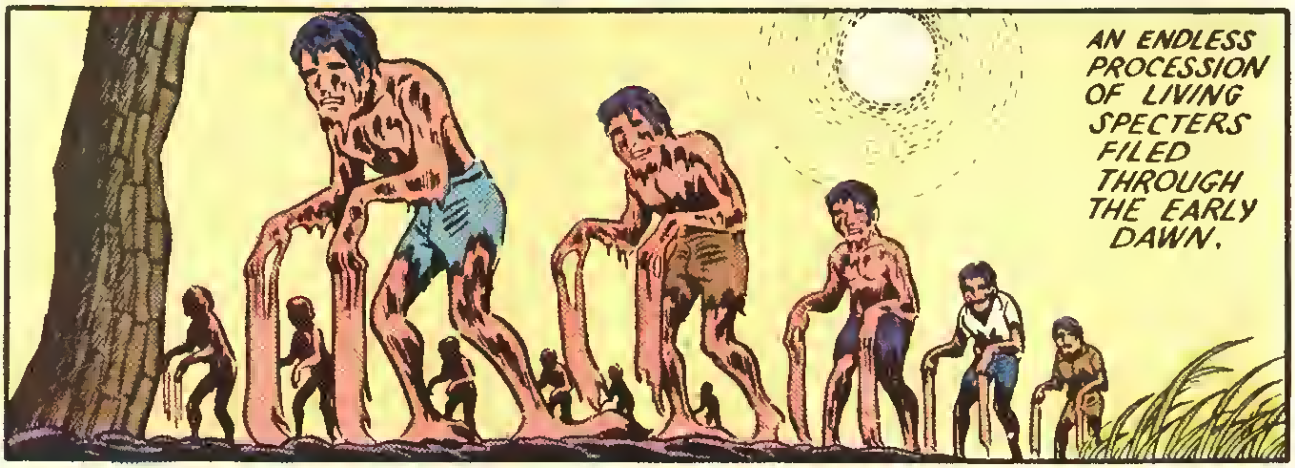

KIMIYO! KIMIYO! OVER HERE!!
I'M TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO BEAMS! DO SOMETHING!
MAMAA! IT HURTS! IT HURTS!
SUSUMU!!
I'LL GET YOU OUT NOW, SUSUMU!
SUSUMU HAD BEEN PLAYING IN THE FRONT DOORWAY. HIS HEAD WAS CAUGHT.
WAAAH! IT HURTS!
I TRIED WITH ALL MY MIGHT TO GET HIM OUT. THE BEAM OVER HIS HEAD WOULDN'T BUDGE.
MAMAA! IT HURTS!!
D-DEAR!
KIMIYO! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? HURRY UP AND DO SOMETHING!
HURRY ... GET ME OUT ...
HANG ON DEAR!


IT HURTS! IT HURTS!
I GOT A PASSERBY TO HELP, BUT IT WAS NO USE.
UNHH... IT'S NO GOOD. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.
BEFORE I KNEW IT, WE WERE SURROUNDED BY FLAMES.
I SAT DOWN.
I MUST HAVE TAKEN LEAVE OF MY SENSES.
I WANTED TO DIE WITH THEM.
MAMAA! HELP!! IT HURTS!!
KIMIYO! KIMIYO!
EIKO DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND.
SHE MUST HAVE DIED INSTANTLY. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH EASIER FOR ME IF THE OTHERS HAD BEEN SILENT LIKE EIKO!
MRS. NAKAZAWA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! HURRY! RUN!
OHHHH .....

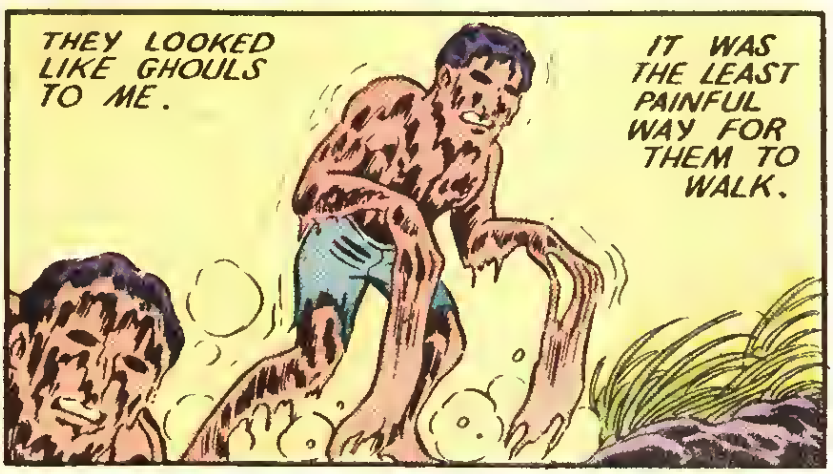
DO YOU WANT TO DIE TOO? YOU'D BETTER COME NOW!
BUT MR. SAKAMOTO... MY HUSBAND AND SUSUMU...
MAMA... IT HURTS...
KIMIYO- KIMIYO-
IT'S TOO LATE, MRS. NAKAZAWA!
PLEASE! LET ME BE!!
THEY CAN'T BE SAVED! DON'T BE A FOOL!
NO! LET ME GO! I'LL DIE WITH THEM!
WAAAAHH!! MAMAAA!! IT'S HOT!!
DEAR!! SUSUMU!! EIKO!!
....
KEIJI-EVEN NOW I CAN HEAR SUSUMU CRYING....
PAPA AND EIKO AND SUSUMU-DIED IN THAT FIRE? NO! IT'S NOT TRUE!

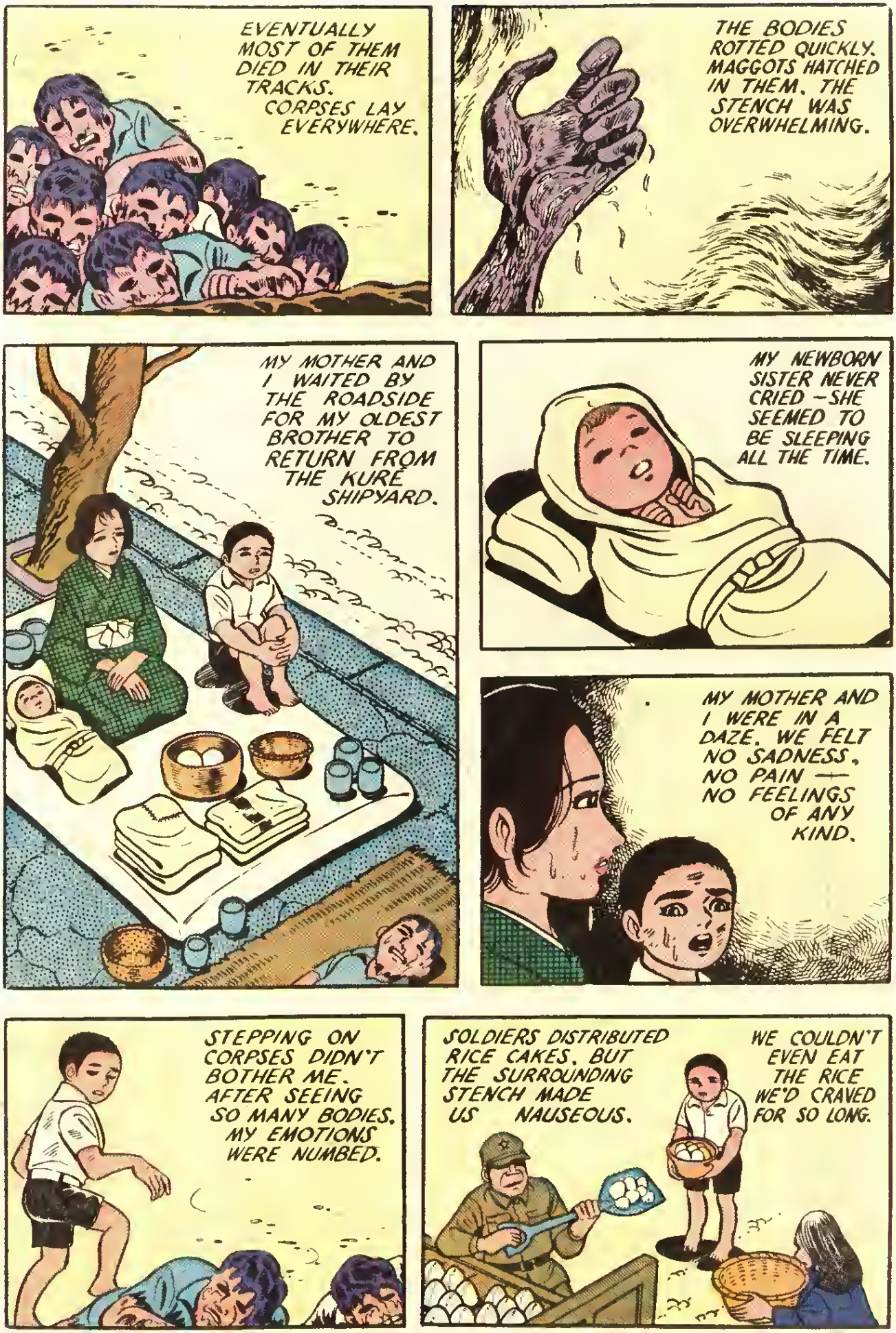

THE FIRES IN HIROSHIMA THAT NIGHT MADE THE CITY AS BRIGHT AS MIDDAY.


THE STREETS AND FIELDS OVERFLOWED WITH SURVIVORS. CRIES FOR WATER ECHOED EVERYWHERE.
PLEASE ... WATER ...
WATER ... WATER ...

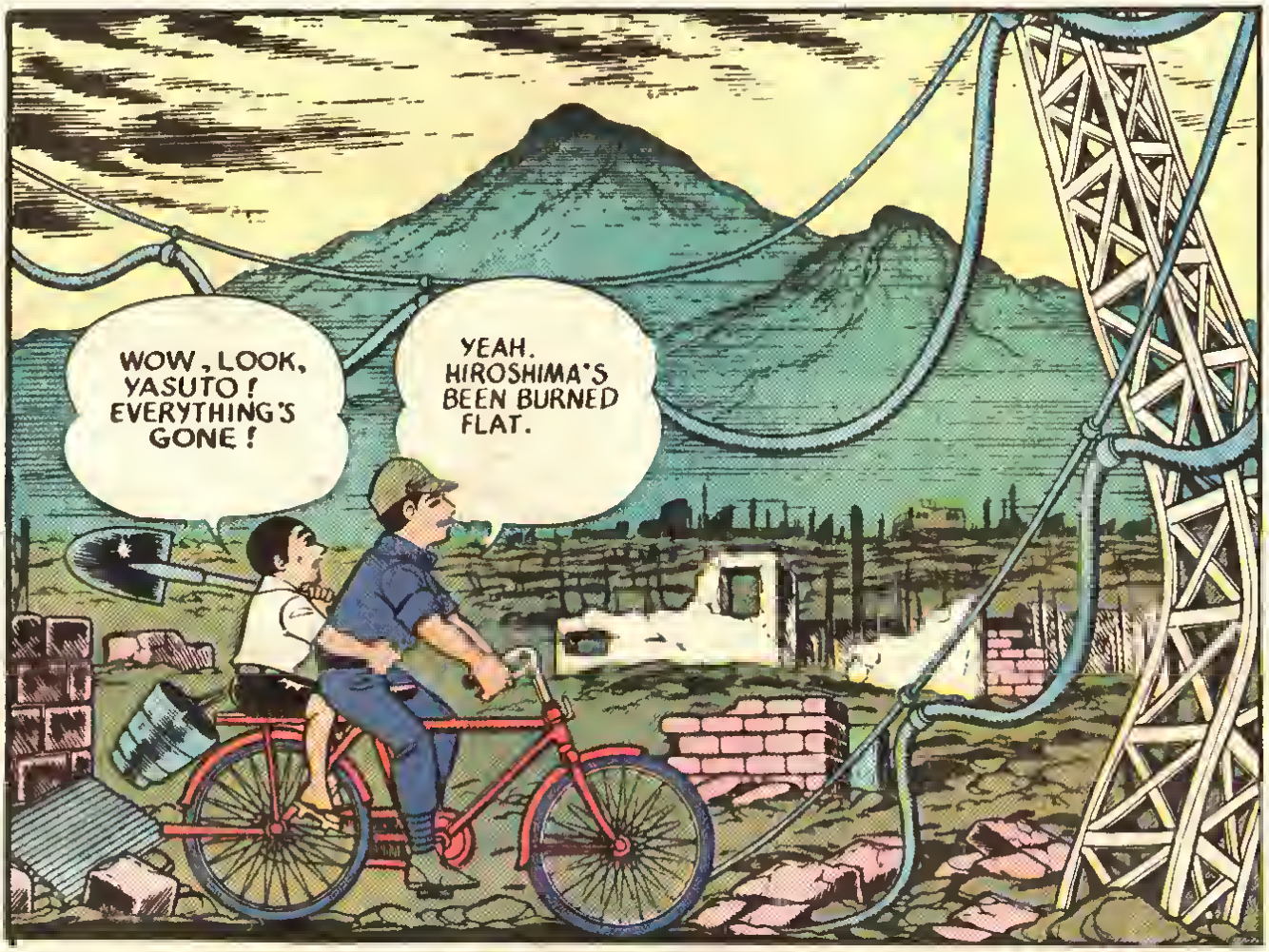

AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF LIVING SPECTERS FILED THROUGH THE EARLY DAWN.

THEY WALKED HUNCHED FORWARD, DRAGGING THEIR SKIN....


THEY LOOKED LIKE GHOULS TO ME.
IT WAS THE LEAST PAINFUL WAY FOR THEM TO WALK.


EVENTUALLY MOST OF THEM DIED IN THEIR TRACKS. CORPSES LAY EVERYWHERE.
THE BODIES ROTTED QUICKLY. MAGGOTS HATCHED IN THEM. THE STENCH WAS OVERWHELMING.
MY MOTHER AND I WAITED BY THE ROADSIDE FOR MY OLDEST BROTHER TO RETURN FROM THE KURE SHIPYARD.
MY NEWBORN SISTER NEVER CRIED — SHE SEEMED TO BE SLEEPING ALL THE TIME.
MY MOTHER AND I WERE IN A DAZE. WE FELT NO SADNESS, NO PAIN — NO FEELINGS OF ANY KIND.
STEPPING ON CORPSES DIDN'T BOTHER ME. AFTER SEEING SO MANY BODIES, MY EMOTIONS WERE NUMBED.
SOLDIERS DISTRIBUTED RICE CAKES. BUT THE SURROUNDING STENCH MADE US NAUSEOUS.
WE COULDN'T EVEN EAT THE RICE WE'D CRAVED FOR SO LONG.

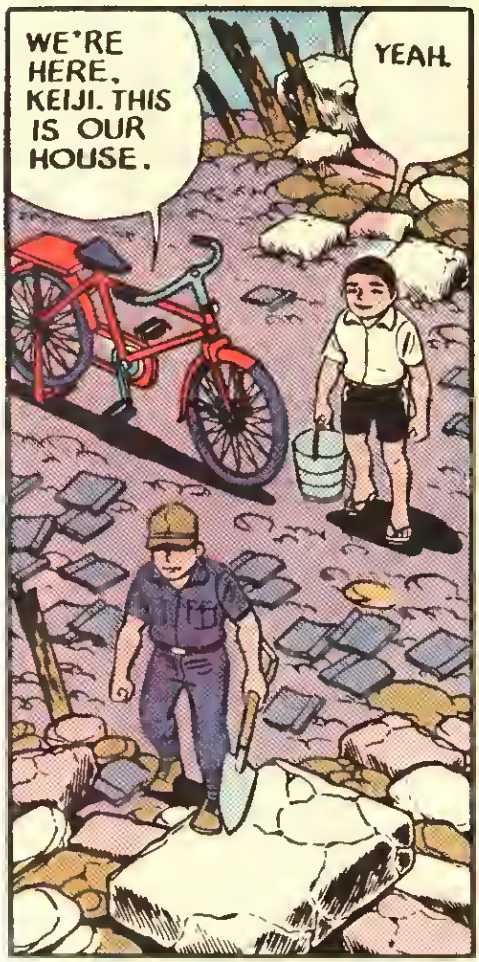
MY BROTHER FINALLY CAME BACK, AND WE ALL MOVED TO THE HOUSE OF AN ACQUAINTANCE IN THE VILLAGE OF EBA. DAY AFTER DAY, CORPSES WERE CARRIED BY....
HEY, THEY'RE BURNING BODIES AGAIN! LET'S GO LOOK!
I EVEN HELPED WITH THE CREMATIONS.
I LEARNED THAT HUMAN BODIES BAKE THE SAME WAY FISH DO.
WHEN THE FLAMES REACH THE CORPSE IT REARS UP- JUST LIKE SQUID ON A GRILL...
YIKES! LOOK AT IT JUMP!
SMOKE FROM THE CREMATION FIRES ROSE OVER HIROSHIMA WHEREVER YOU LOOKED.
EVEN IN THE SUBURBS, I SAW A MAN WHO HAD BEEN CRUSHED AGAINST A WALL BY THE BLAST.
YASUTO, KEIJI – YOU MUST GO DIG UP THE BONES OF YOUR FATHER, SISTER AND BROTHER, AND BRING THEM BACK.
I CAN'T REST UNTIL THEY'RE FOUND.
OKAY, MAMA. WE'LL GO TOMOR-ROW.

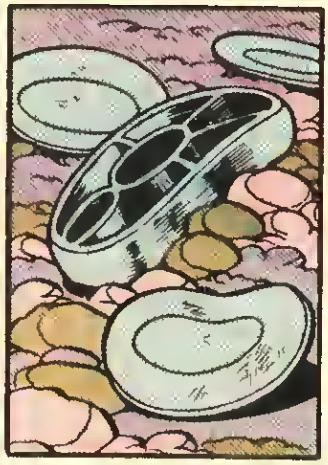

WOW, LOOK, YASUTO! EVERYTHING'S GONE!
YEAH. HIROSHIMA'S BEEN BURNED FLAT.

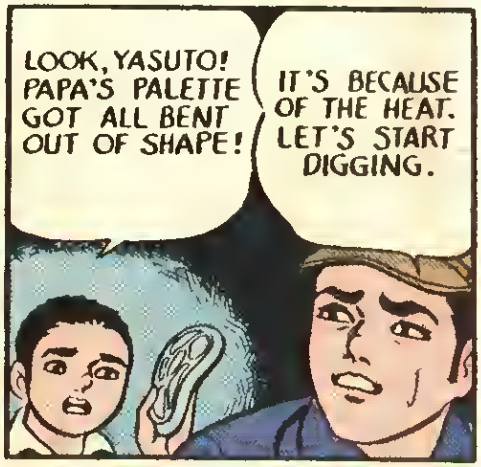
CHARRED BODIES LAY HERE AND THERE IN THE SMOLDERING RUINS.

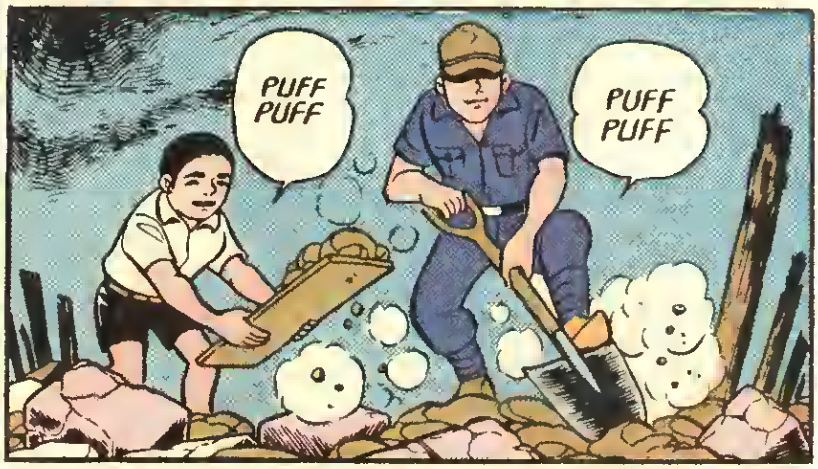
EVERY WATER TANK HELD CORPSES, BLOATED AND RED AS WATERMELONS- PEOPLE WHO HAD TRIED TO ESCAPE THE HEAT OF THE FIRE.
用水
防火

AROUND THIS TIME, PEOPLE WHO HAD COME INTO HIROSHIMA AFTER THE BOMB FELL WERE LOSING THEIR HAIR, GETTING SEVERE DIARRHEA, AND DYING.
THEY WERE BEING POISONED BY THE RADIATION LINGERING IN THE CITY.


WE'RE HERE, KEIJI. THIS IS OUR HOUSE.
YEAH.

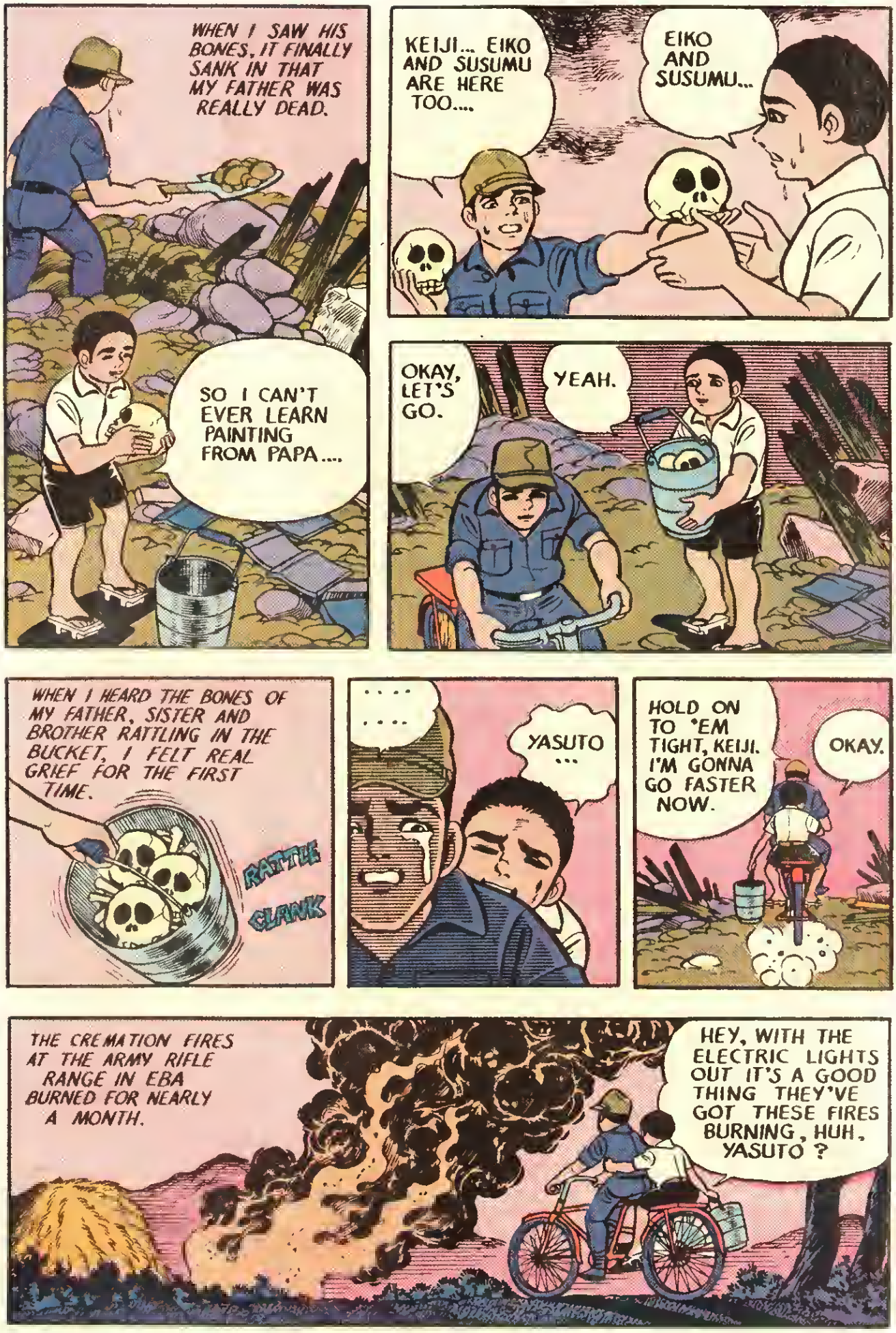


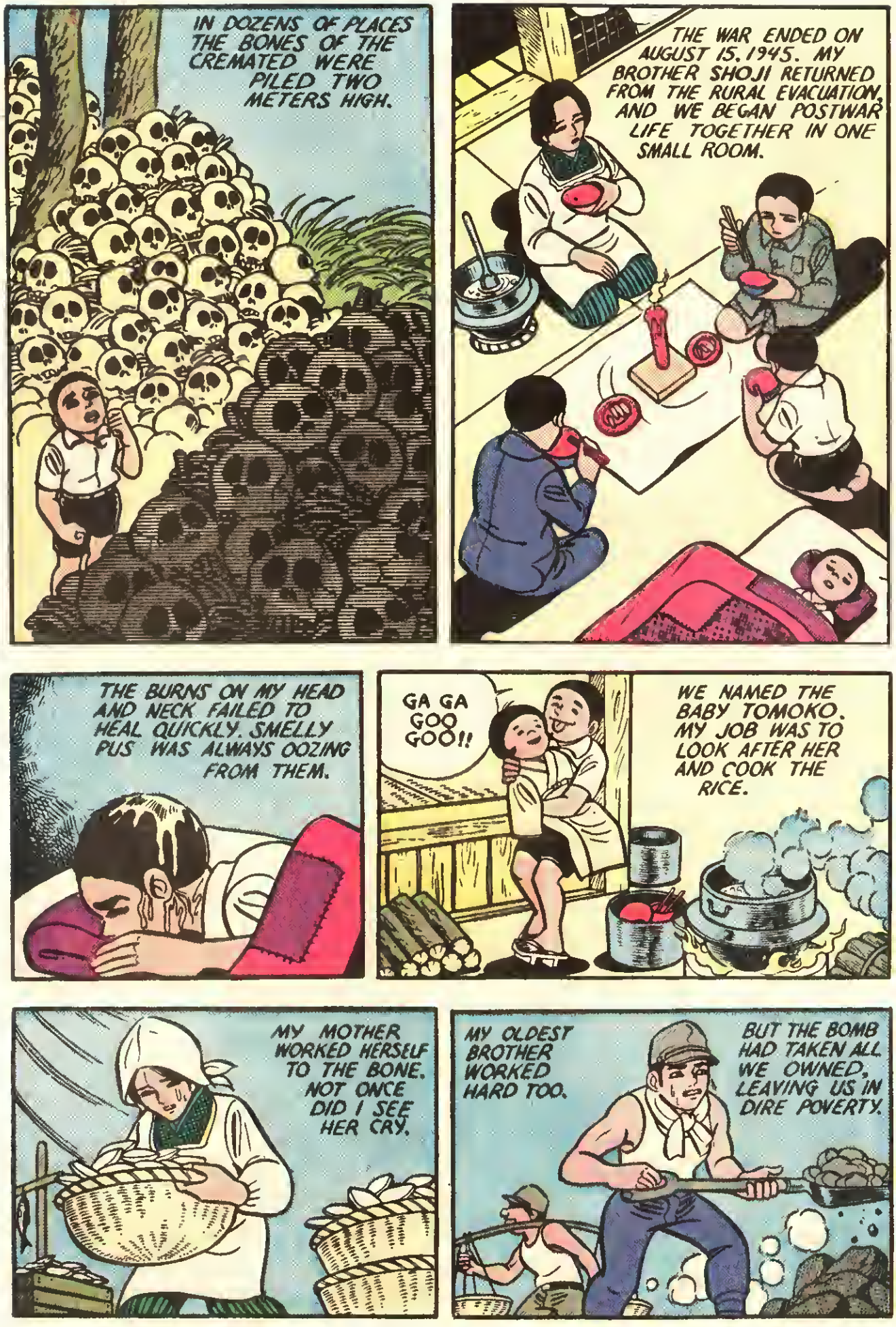

LOOK, YASUTO! PAPA'S PALETTE GOT ALL BENT OUT OF SHAPE!
IT'S BECAUSE OF THE HEAT. LET'S START DIGGING.

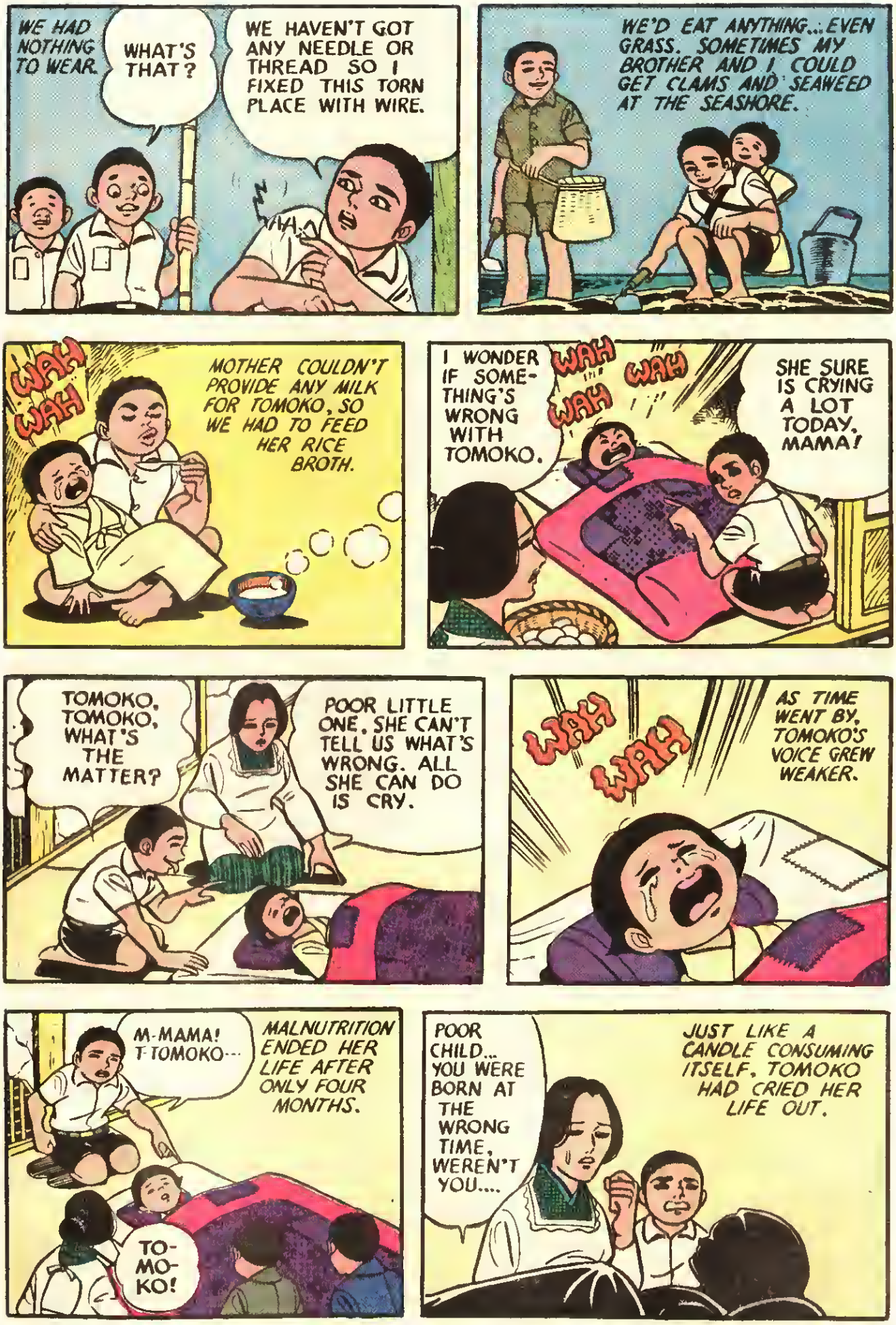

PUFF PUFF
PUFF PUFF

KEIJI— WE FOUND 'EM.

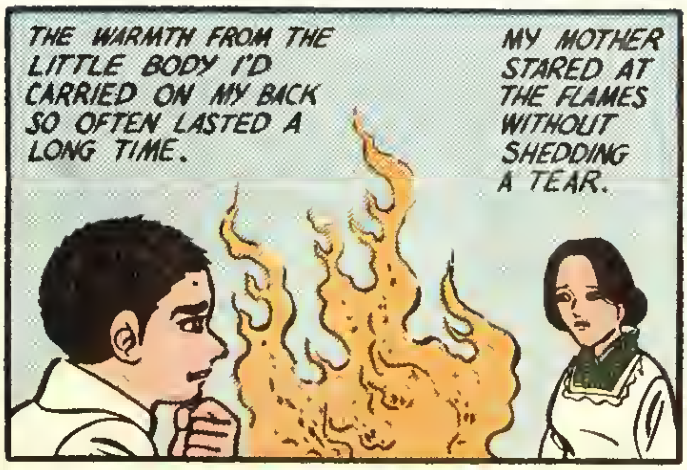
THIS ONE IS PAPA.
PAPA ....

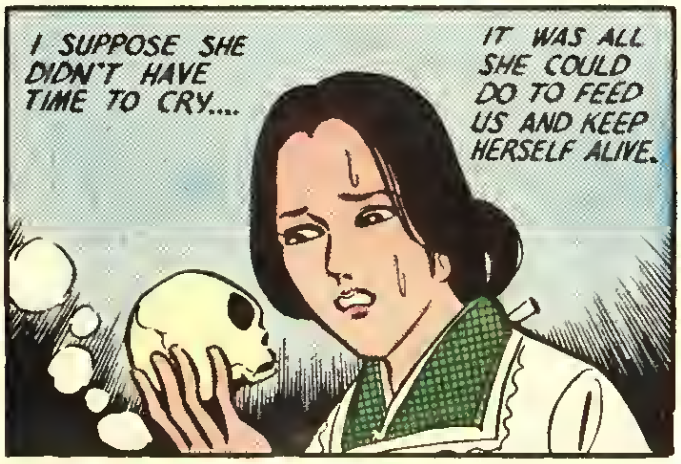

WHEN I SAW HIS BONES, IT FINALLY SANK IN THAT MY FATHER WAS REALLY DEAD.
SO I CAN'T EVER LEARN PAINTING FROM PAPA....
KEIJI... EIKO AND SUSUMU ARE HERE TOO....
EIKO AND SUSUMU...
OKAY, LET'S GO.
YEAH.
WHEN I HEARD THE BONES OF MY FATHER, SISTER AND BROTHER RATTLING IN THE BUCKET, I FELT REAL GRIEF FOR THE FIRST TIME.
RATTLE
CLANK
. . . .
. . . .
YASUTO ...
HOLD ON TO 'EM TIGHT, KEIJI. I'M GONNA GO FASTER NOW.
OKAY.
THE CREMATION FIRES AT THE ARMY RIFLE RANGE IN EBA BURNED FOR NEARLY A MONTH.
HEY, WITH THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS OUT IT'S A GOOD THING THEY'VE GOT THESE FIRES BURNING, HUH, YASUTO ?

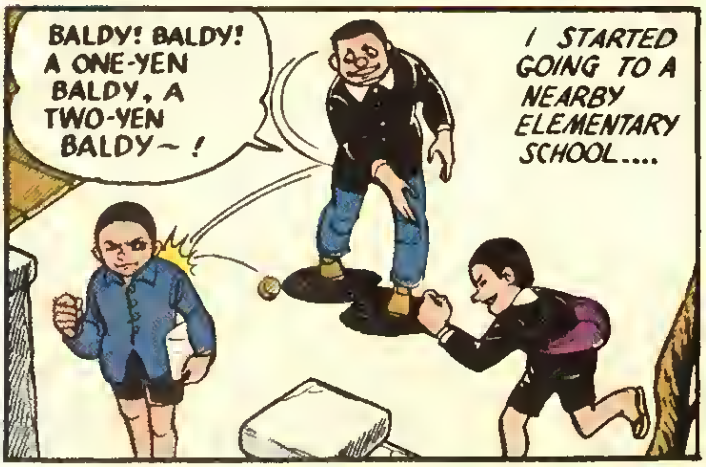

IN DOZENS OF PLACES THE BONES OF THE CREMATED WERE PILED TWO METERS HIGH.
THE WAR ENDED ON AUGUST 15, 1945. MY BROTHER SHOJI RETURNED FROM THE RURAL EVACUATION, AND WE BEGAN POSTWAR LIFE TOGETHER IN ONE SMALL ROOM.
THE BURNS ON MY HEAD AND NECK FAILED TO HEAL QUICKLY. SMELLY PUS WAS ALWAYS OOZING FROM THEM.
GA GA GOO GOO!!
WE NAMED THE BABY TOMOKO. MY JOB WAS TO LOOK AFTER HER AND COOK THE RICE.
MY MOTHER WORKED HERSELF TO THE BONE. NOT ONCE DID I SEE HER CRY.
MY OLDEST BROTHER WORKED HARD TOO.
BUT THE BOMB HAD TAKEN ALL WE OWNED, LEAVING US IN DIRE POVERTY.

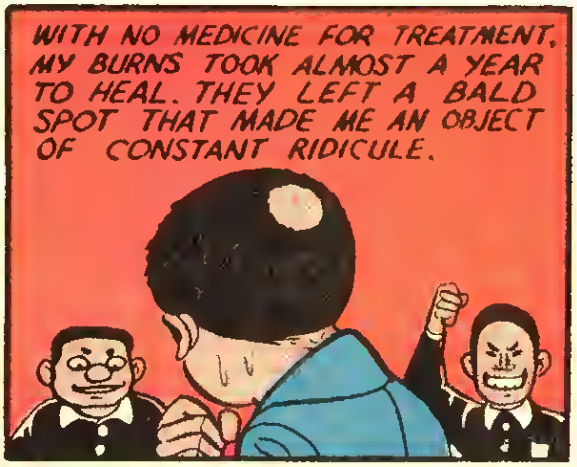

WE HAD NOTHING TO WEAR.
WHAT'S THAT?
WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY NEEDLE OR THREAD SO I FIXED THIS TORN PLACE WITH WIRE.
WE'D EAT ANYTHING...EVEN GRASS. SOMETIMES MY BROTHER AND I COULD GET CLAMS AND SEAWEED AT THE SEASHORE.
WAH WAH
MOTHER COULDN'T PROVIDE ANY MILK FOR TOMOKO, SO WE HAD TO FEED HER RICE BROTH.
I WONDER IF SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH TOMOKO.
WAH WAH WAH
SHE SURE IS CRYING A LOT TODAY, MAMA!
TOMOKO, TOMOKO, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
POOR LITTLE ONE. SHE CAN'T TELL US WHAT'S WRONG. ALL SHE CAN DO IS CRY.
WAH WAH
AS TIME WENT BY, TOMOKO'S VOICE GREW WEAKER.
M-MAMA! T-TOMOKO...
MALNUTRITION ENDED HER LIFE AFTER ONLY FOUR MONTHS.
TO-MO-KO!
POOR CHILD... YOU WERE BORN AT THE WRONG TIME, WEREN'T YOU....
JUST LIKE A CANDLE CONSUMING ITSELF, TOMOKO HAD CRIED HER LIFE OUT.

WE GATHERED DRIFTWOOD AT THE BEACH AND CREMATED TOMOKO THERE IN AN ORANGE CRATE.

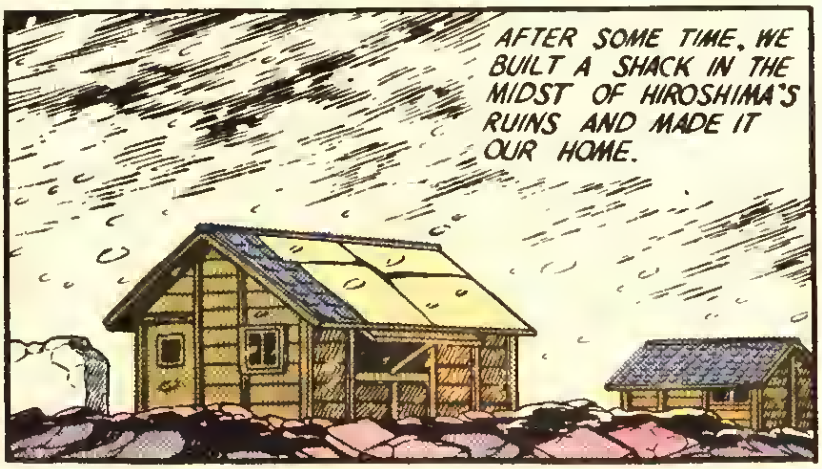

THE WARMTH FROM THE LITTLE BODY I'D CARRIED ON MY BACK SO OFTEN LASTED A LONG TIME.
MY MOTHER STARED AT THE FLAMES WITHOUT SHEDDING A TEAR.

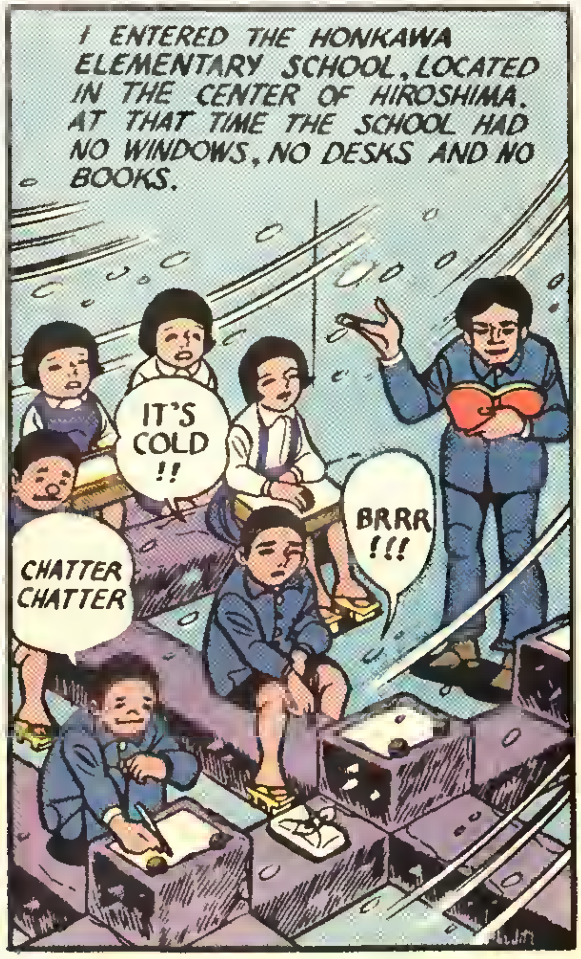

I SUPPOSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CRY....
IT WAS ALL SHE COULD DO TO FEED US AND KEEP HERSELF ALIVE.

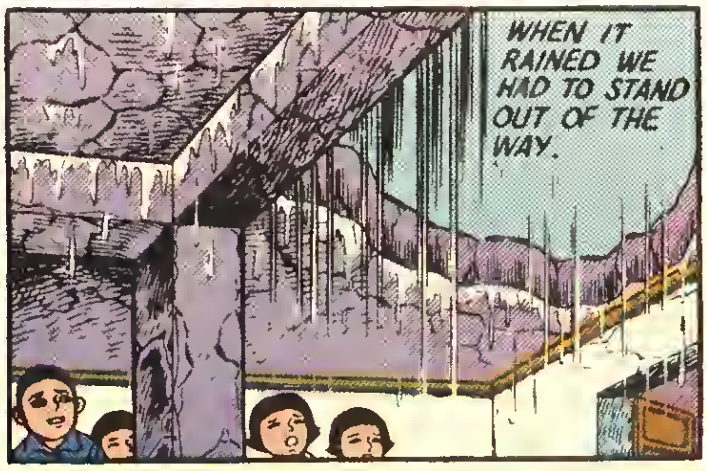

BALDY! BALDY! A ONE-YEN BALDY, A TWO-YEN BALDY~!
I STARTED GOING TO A NEARBY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL....


WITH NO MEDICINE FOR TREATMENT, MY BURNS TOOK ALMOST A YEAR TO HEAL. THEY LEFT A BALD SPOT THAT MADE ME AN OBJECT OF CONSTANT RIDICULE.

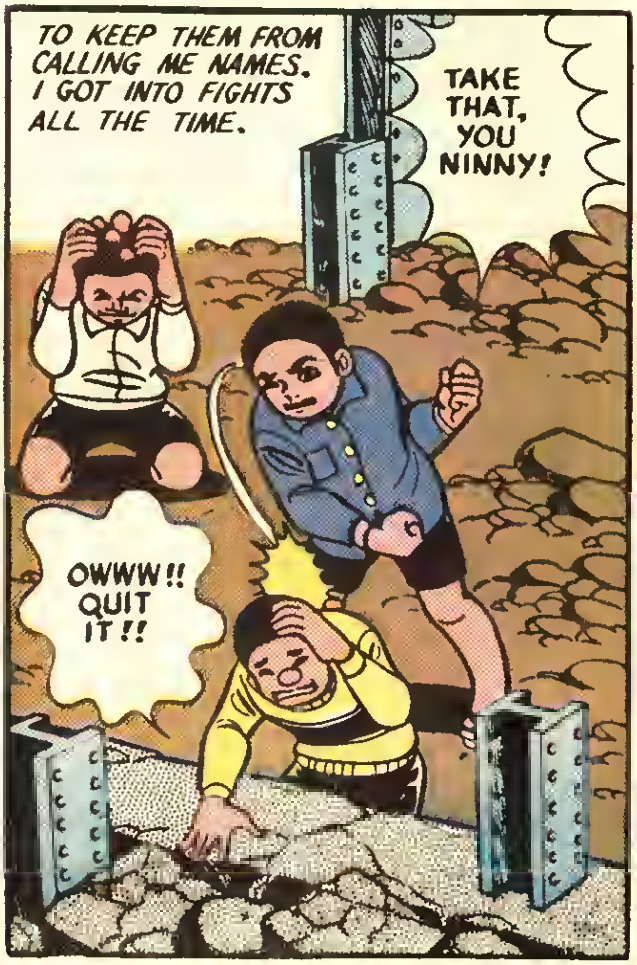
D-DAMN IT!! I DIDN'T ASK TO LOSE MY HAIR.
IT'S NOT FAIR.

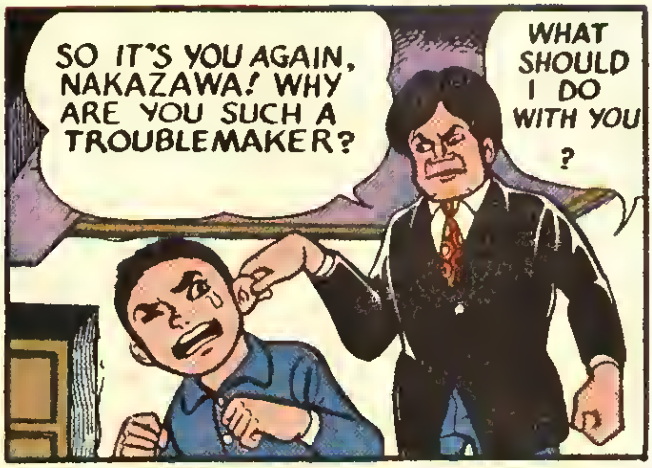

AFTER SOME TIME, WE BUILT A SHACK IN THE MIDST OF HIROSHIMA'S RUINS AND MADE IT OUR HOME.

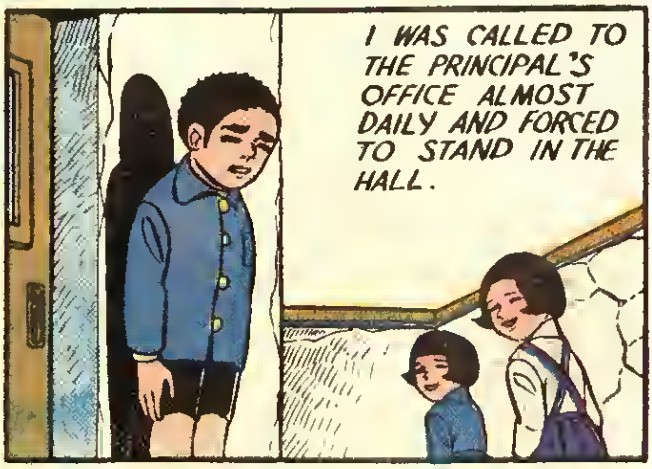

I ENTERED THE HONKAWA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF HIROSHIMA. AT THAT TIME THE SCHOOL HAD NO WINDOWS, NO DESKS AND NO BOOKS.
IT'S COLD !!
BRRR !!!
CHATTER CHATTER

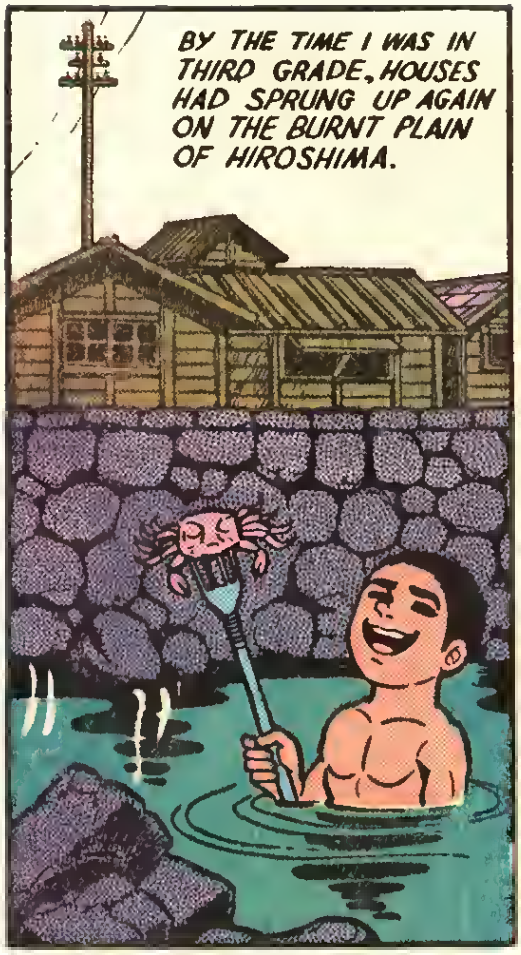

WHEN IT RAINED WE HAD TO STAND OUT OF THE WAY.

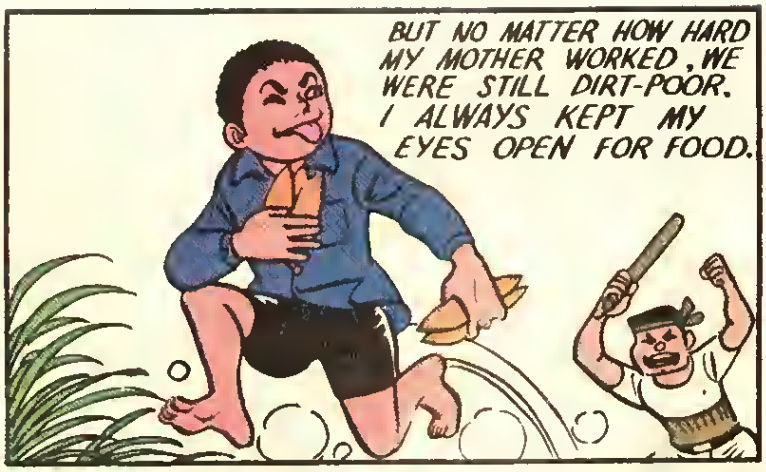
YAAAH BALDY!
WHY, YOU ...!

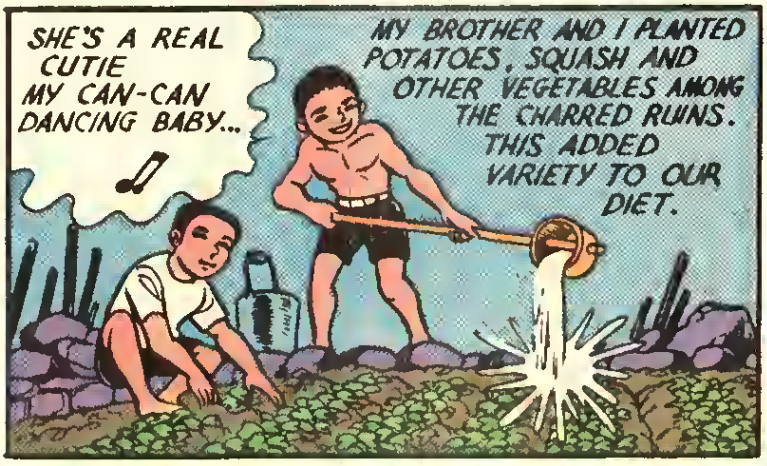

TO KEEP THEM FROM CALLING ME NAMES. I GOT INTO FIGHTS ALL THE TIME.
TAKE THAT, YOU NINNY!
OWWW!! QUIT IT!!


SO IT'S YOU AGAIN, NAKAZAWA! WHY ARE YOU SUCH A TROUBLEMAKER?
WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH YOU ?

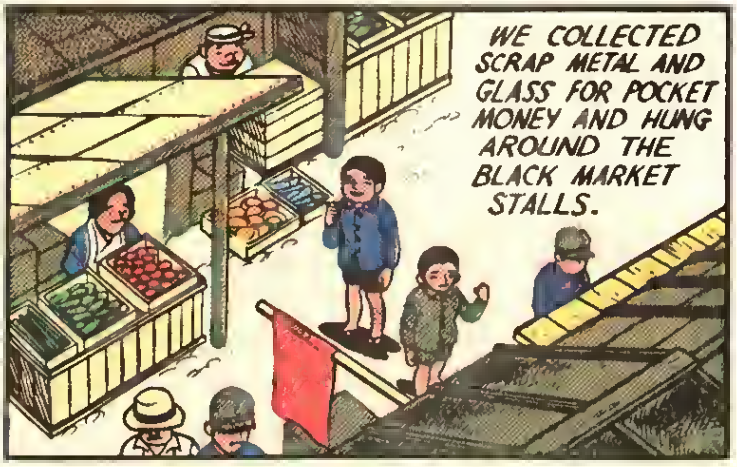

I WAS CALLED TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE ALMOST DAILY AND FORCED TO STAND IN THE HALL.

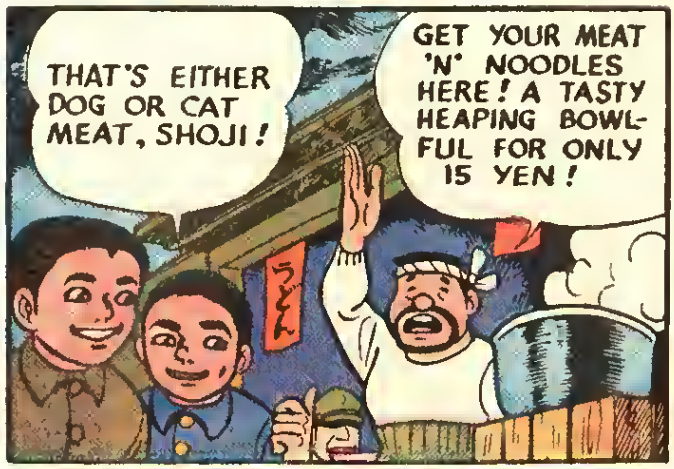

BY THE TIME I WAS IN THIRD GRADE, HOUSES HAD SPRUNG UP AGAIN ON THE BURNT PLAIN OF HIROSHIMA.

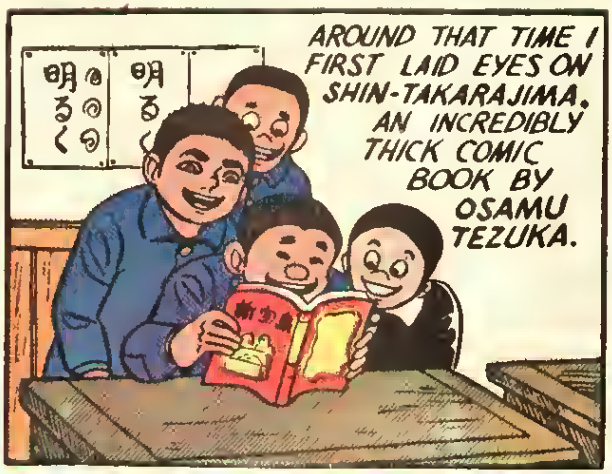

BUT NO MATTER HOW HARD MY MOTHER WORKED, WE WERE STILL DIRT-POOR. I ALWAYS KEPT MY EYES OPEN FOR FOOD.

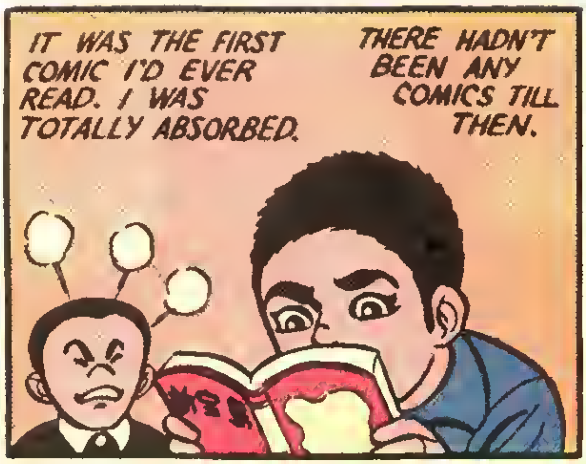

SHE'S A REAL CUTIE MY CAN-CAN DANCING BABY...
MY BROTHER AND I PLANTED POTATOES, SQUASH AND OTHER VEGETABLES AMONG THE CHARRED RUINS. THIS ADDED VARIETY TO OUR DIET.

THINK THIS GLASS IS WORTH TEN YEN?
NAH, MAYBE FIVE.


WE COLLECTED SCRAP METAL AND GLASS FOR POCKET MONEY AND HUNG AROUND THE BLACK MARKET STALLS.

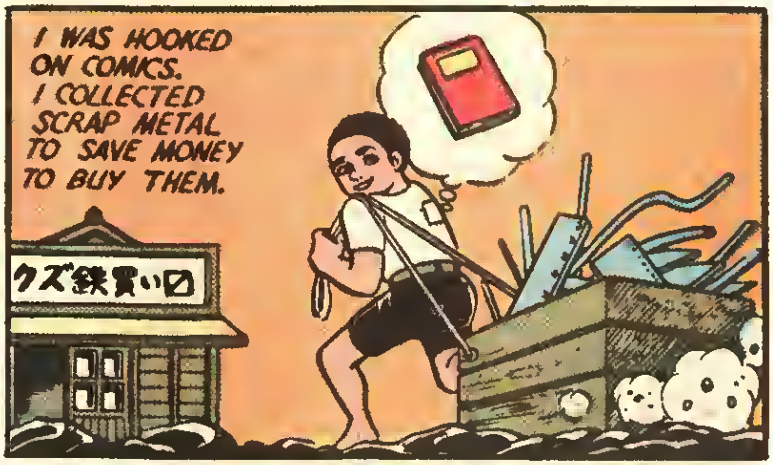

THAT'S EITHER DOG OR CAT MEAT, SHOJI!
GET YOUR MEAT 'N' NOODLES HERE! A TASTY HEAPING BOWL-FUL FOR ONLY 15 YEN!
うどん

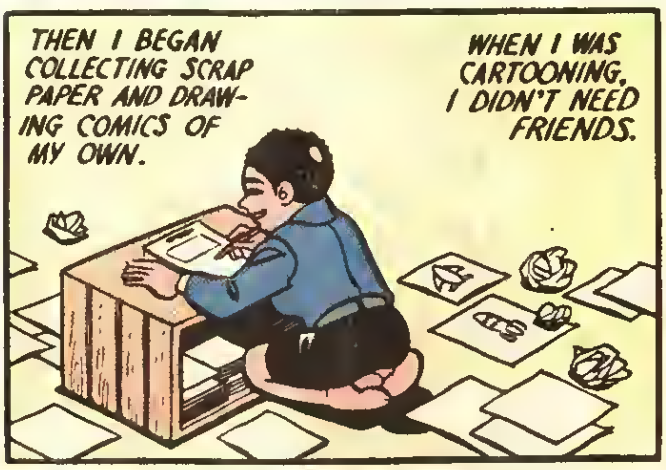

AROUND THAT TIME I FIRST LAID EYES ON SHIN-TAKARAJIMA, AN INCREDIBLY THICK COMIC BOOK BY OSAMU TEZUKA.


IT WAS THE FIRST COMIC I'D EVER READ. I WAS TOTALLY ABSORBED.
THERE HADN'T BEEN ANY COMICS TILL THEN.

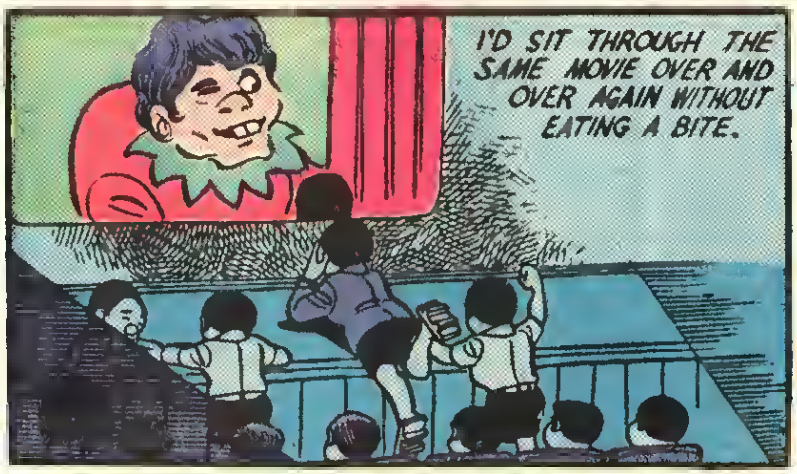
IN NO TIME THE BOOKSTORES WERE FULL OF COMIC MAGAZINES AND PAPERBACKS.

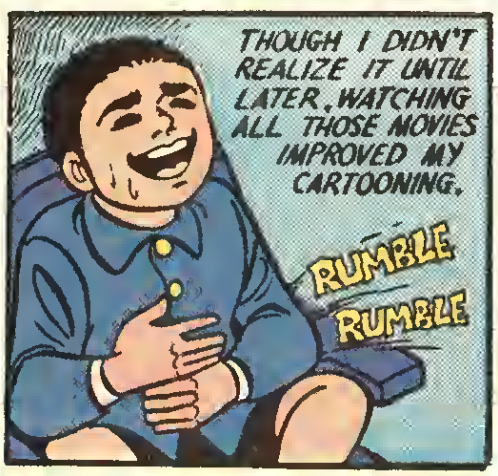
HEY! IF YOU'RE GONNA READ IT, BUY IT!
PHOOEY ON YOU, YOU OLD CHEAPSKATE!


I WAS HOOKED ON COMICS. I COLLECTED SCRAP METAL TO SAVE MONEY TO BUY THEM.

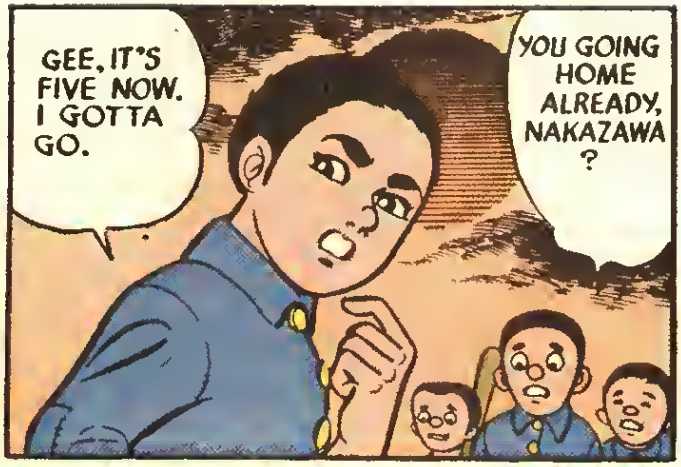

THEN I BEGAN COLLECTING SCRAP PAPER AND DRAWING COMICS OF MY OWN.
WHEN I WAS CARTOONING, I DIDN'T NEED FRIENDS.

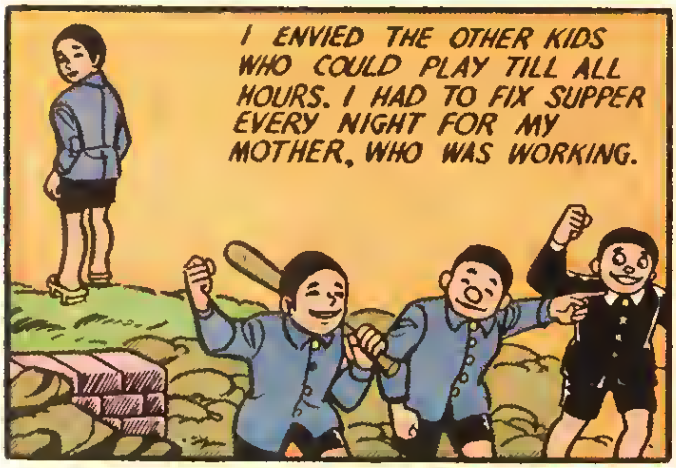
MY FAVORITE PASTIMES BECAME CARTOONING AND GOING TO THE 2.99 YEN MOVIE THEATER NEAR HIROSHIMA STATION.

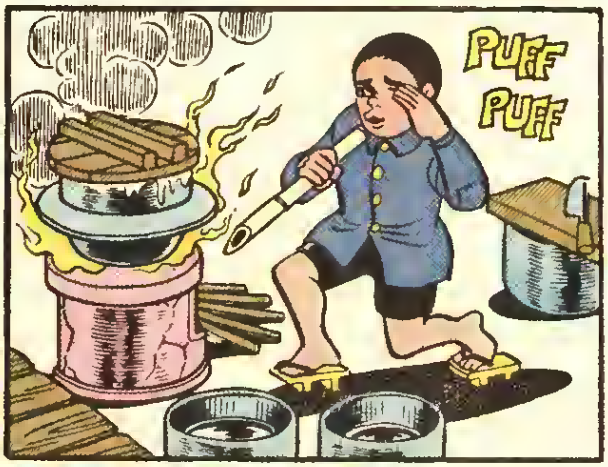

I'D SIT THROUGH THE SAME MOVIE OVER AND OVER AGAIN WITHOUT EATING A BITE.

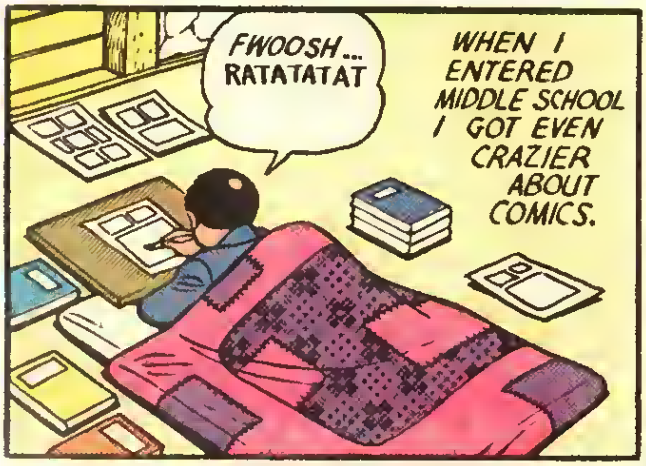

THOUGH I DIDN'T REALIZE IT UNTIL LATER, WATCHING ALL THOSE MOVIES IMPROVED MY CARTOONING.
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

GARY COOPER JUMPS ON A MOVING TRAIN JUST LIKE THIS! WHAM!

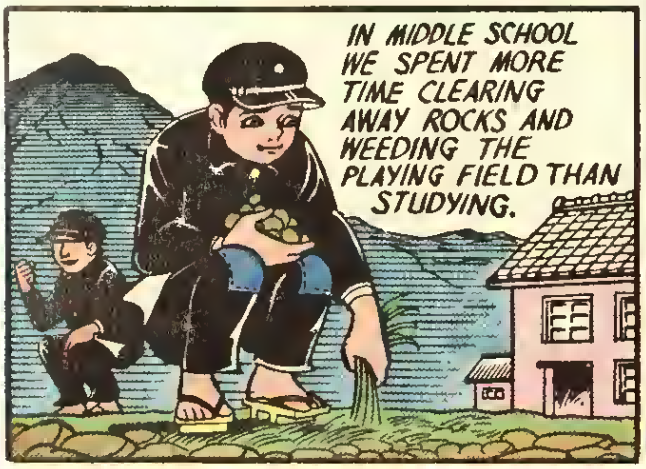

GEE, IT'S FIVE NOW. I GOTTA GO.
YOU GOING HOME ALREADY, NAKAZAWA?

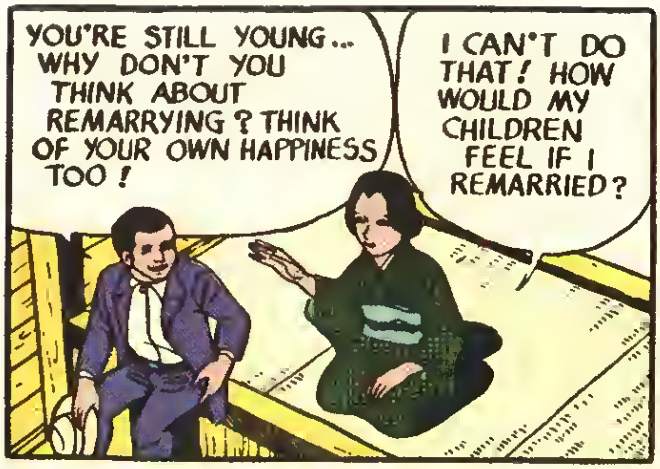

I ENVIED THE OTHER KIDS WHO COULD PLAY TILL ALL HOURS. I HAD TO FIX SUPPER EVERY NIGHT FOR MY MOTHER, WHO WAS WORKING.

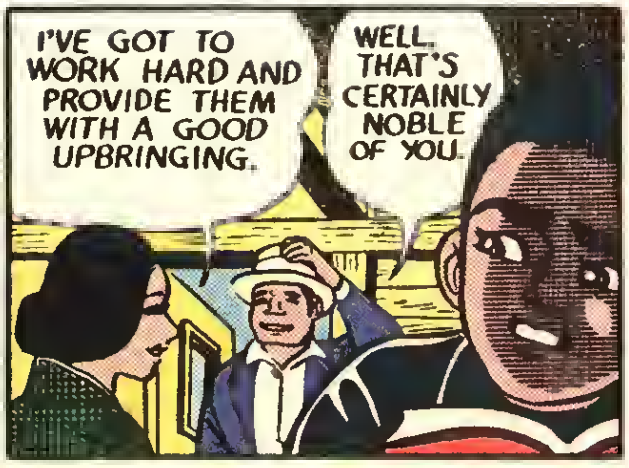

PUFF PUFF

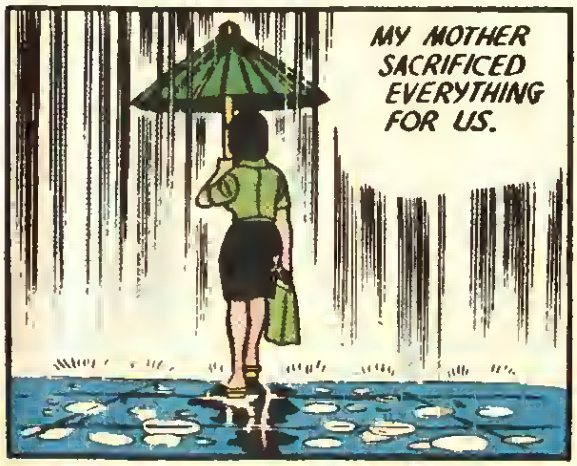

FWOOSH... RATATATAT
WHEN I ENTERED MIDDLE SCHOOL I GOT EVEN CRAZIER ABOUT COMICS.

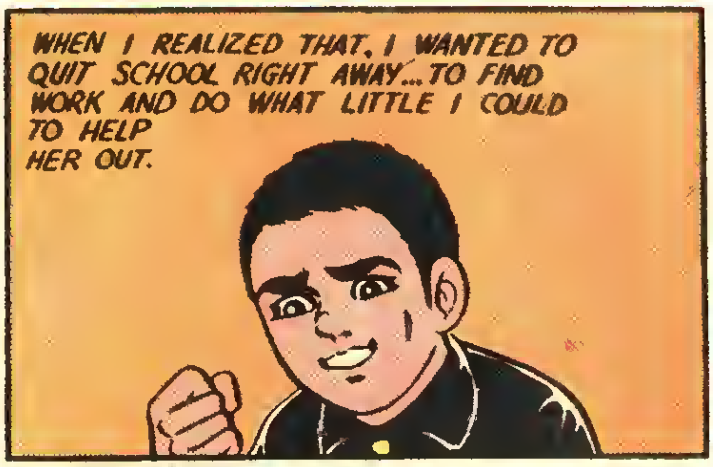
OUR HOUSEHOLD REMAINED POOR AS EVER. NO MATTER HOW TIRED SHE GOT, MY MOTHER DROVE HERSELF TO WORK HARDER.


IN MIDDLE SCHOOL WE SPENT MORE TIME CLEARING AWAY ROCKS AND WEEDING THE PLAYING FIELD THAN STUDYING.


YOU'RE STILL YOUNG... WHY DON'T YOU THINK ABOUT REMARRYING? THINK OF YOUR OWN HAPPINESS TOO!
I CAN'T DO THAT! HOW WOULD MY CHILDREN FEEL IF I REMARRIED?

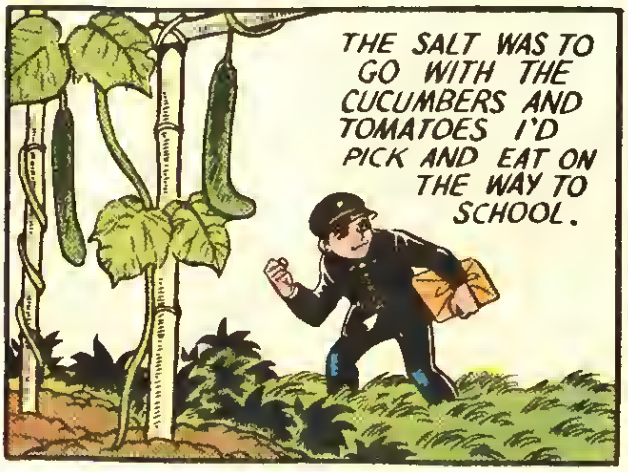

I'VE GOT TO WORK HARD AND PROVIDE THEM WITH A GOOD UPBRINGING.
WELL. THAT'S CERTAINLY NOBLE OF YOU.


MY MOTHER SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR US.


WHEN I REALIZED THAT, I WANTED TO QUIT SCHOOL RIGHT AWAY...TO FIND WORK AND DO WHAT LITTLE I COULD TO HELP HER OUT.

WHY ARE YOU TAKING THAT SALT TO SCHOOL?
HEH HEH... THAT'S MY SECRET!

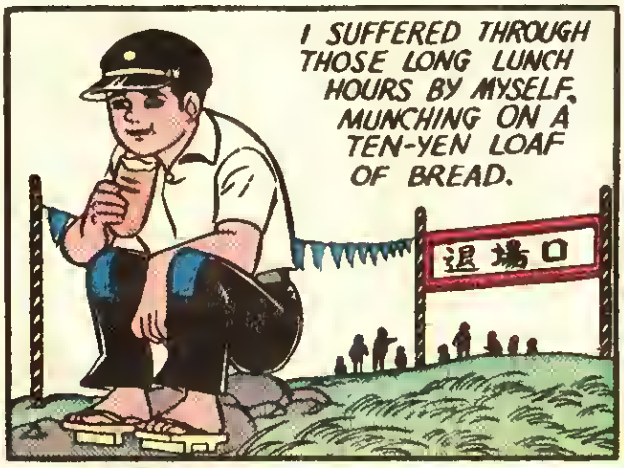
HEY YOU! GET OUT OF MY VEGETABLE PATCH!


THE SALT WAS TO GO WITH THE CUCUMBERS AND TOMATOES I'D PICK AND EAT ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

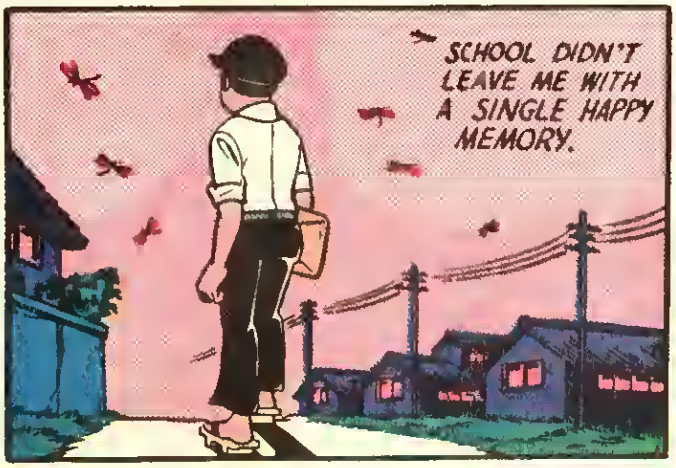
DAMN... IF MY FATHER AND OUR HOME HADN'T BEEN TAKEN BY THE BOMB...
CRUNCH CRUNCH

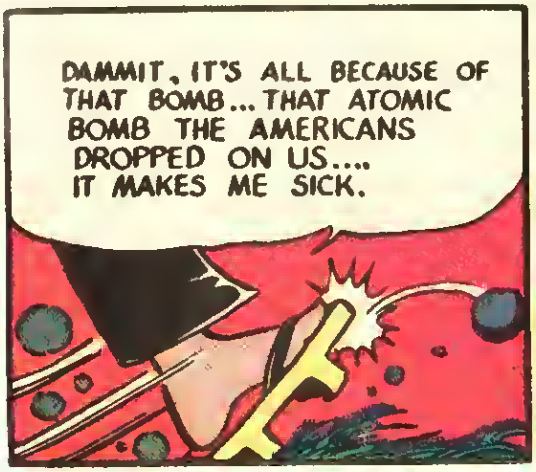
THERE WAS NOTHING I HATED MORE THAN FIELD DAYS AT SCHOOL.
THAT WAS WHEN EVERYONE WOULD BRING DELICIOUS SUSHI BOX LUNCHES FROM HOME.

WE COULDN'T AFFORD BOX LUNCHES.... WE COULDN'T EVEN MAKE RICE BALLS. OUR RICE WAS SO FULL OF BARLEY IT WOULD JUST CRUMBLE APART.


I SUFFERED THROUGH THOSE LONG LUNCH HOURS BY MYSELF, MUNCHING ON A TEN-YEN LOAF OF BREAD.
退場口

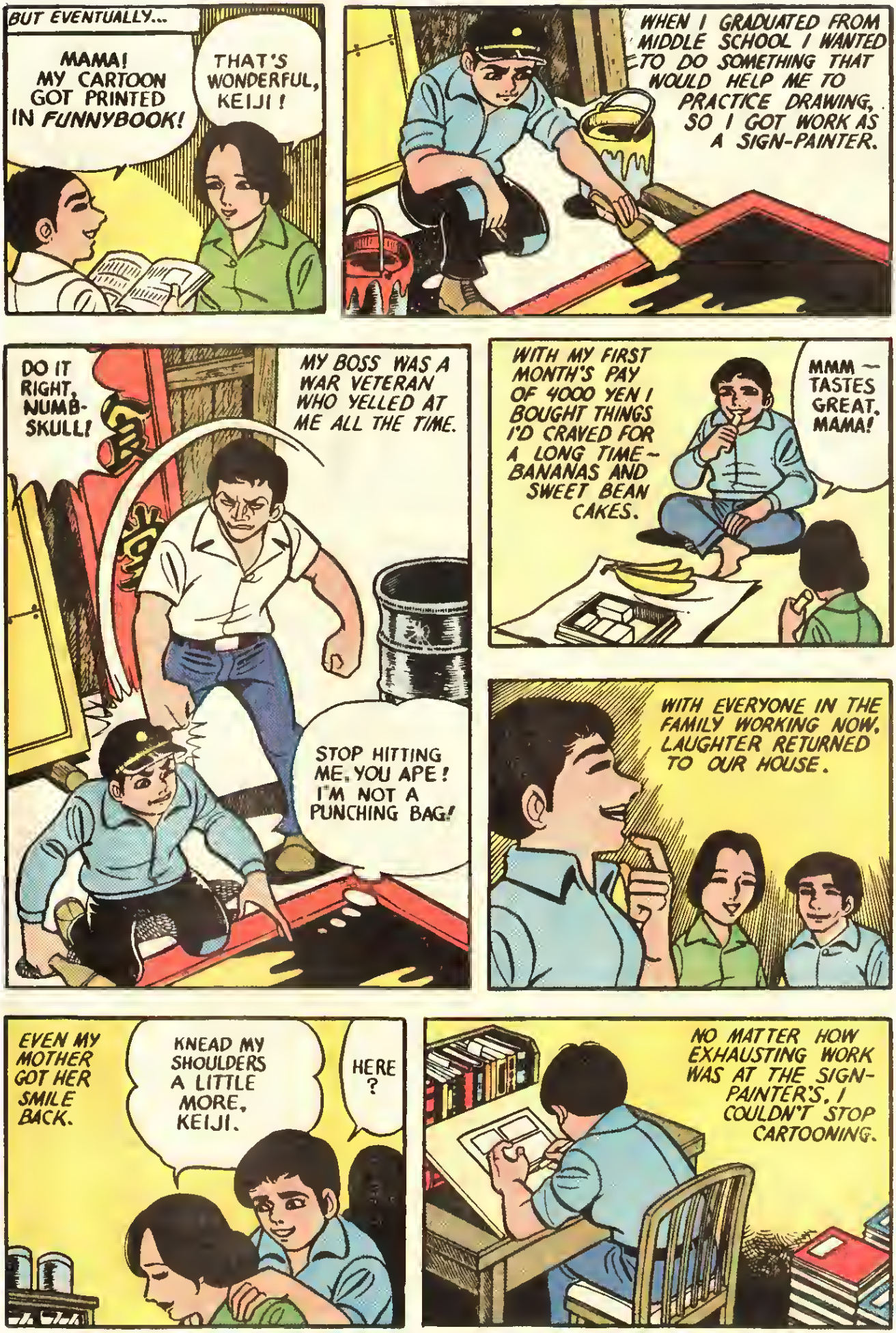
ALL RIGHT FOR THEM, HUH....
WHAT CAN I DO? WE'RE JUST POOR IS ALL.

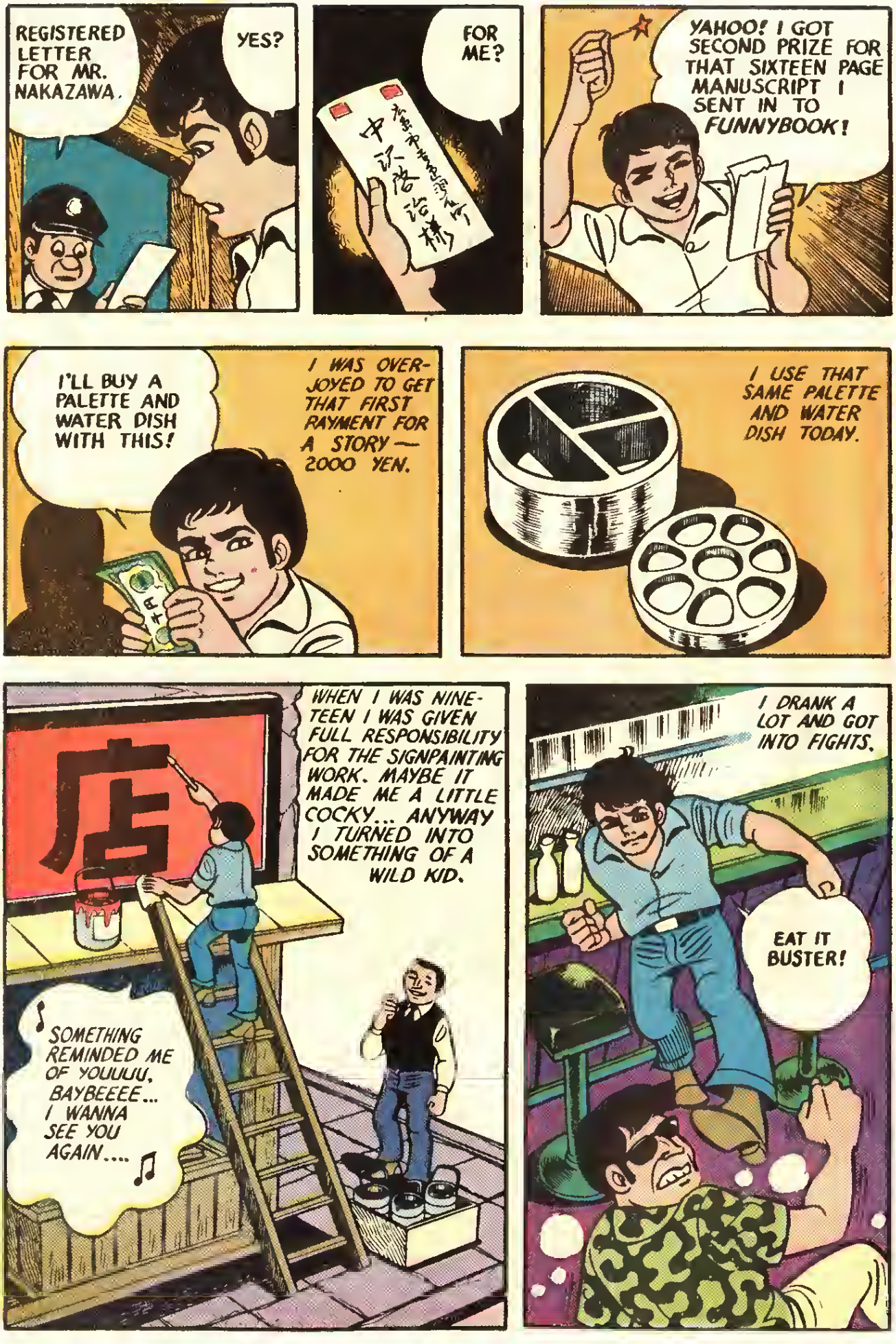

SCHOOL DIDN'T LEAVE ME WITH A SINGLE HAPPY MEMORY.

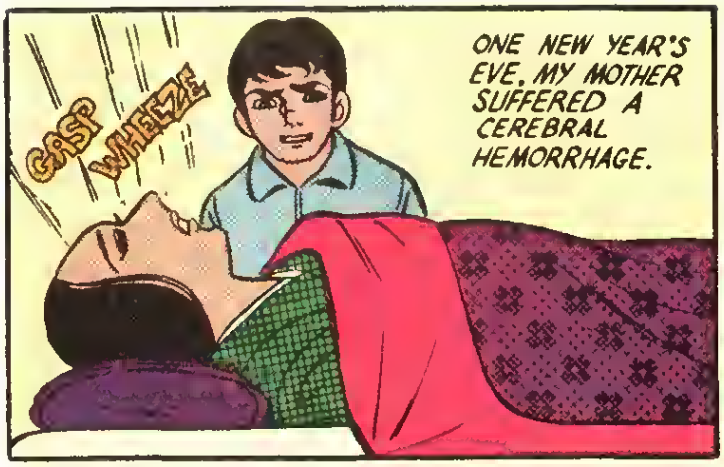

DAMMIT, IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THAT BOMB... THAT ATOMIC BOMB THE AMERICANS DROPPED ON US.... IT MAKES ME SICK.

IN MY THIRD YEAR OF MIDDLE SCHOOL, I SENT A CARTOON I'D DRAWN TO THE PUBLISHER OF A COMICS MAGAZINE.

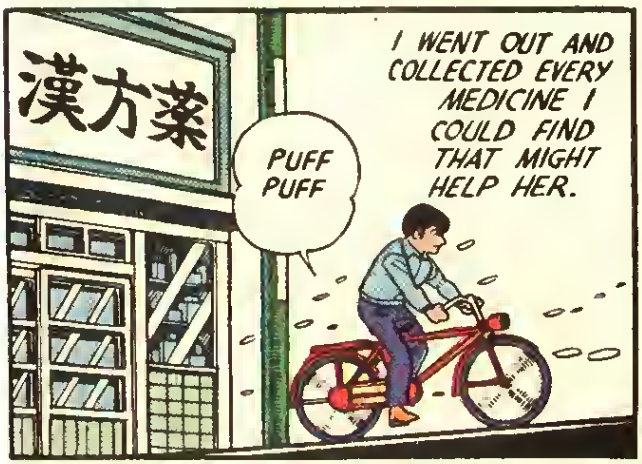
ALL I GET FOR HONORABLE MENTION IS MY NAME IN SMALL PRINT!

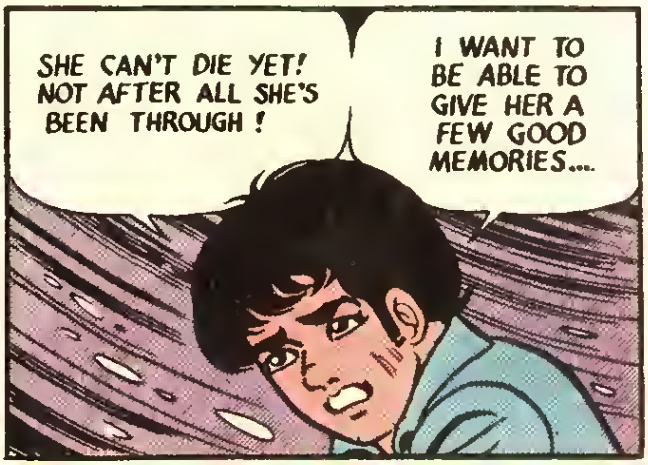

BUT EVENTUALLY...
MAMA! MY CARTOON GOT PRINTED IN FUNNYBOOK!
THAT'S WONDERFUL, KEIJI!
WHEN I GRADUATED FROM MIDDLE SCHOOL I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING THAT WOULD HELP ME TO PRACTICE DRAWING, SO I GOT WORK AS A SIGN-PAINTER.
DO IT RIGHT, NUMB-SKULL!
MY BOSS WAS A WAR VETERAN WHO YELLED AT ME ALL THE TIME.
STOP HITTING ME, YOU APE! I'M NOT A PUNCHING BAG!
WITH MY FIRST MONTH'S PAY OF 4000 YEN I BOUGHT THINGS I'D CRAVED FOR A LONG TIME— BANANAS AND SWEET BEAN CAKES.
MMM — TASTES GREAT, MAMA!
WITH EVERYONE IN THE FAMILY WORKING NOW, LAUGHTER RETURNED TO OUR HOUSE.
EVEN MY MOTHER GOT HER SMILE BACK.
KNEAD MY SHOULDERS A LITTLE MORE, KEIJI.
HERE?
NO MATTER HOW EXHAUSTING WORK WAS AT THE SIGN-PAINTER'S, I COULDN'T STOP CARTOONING.

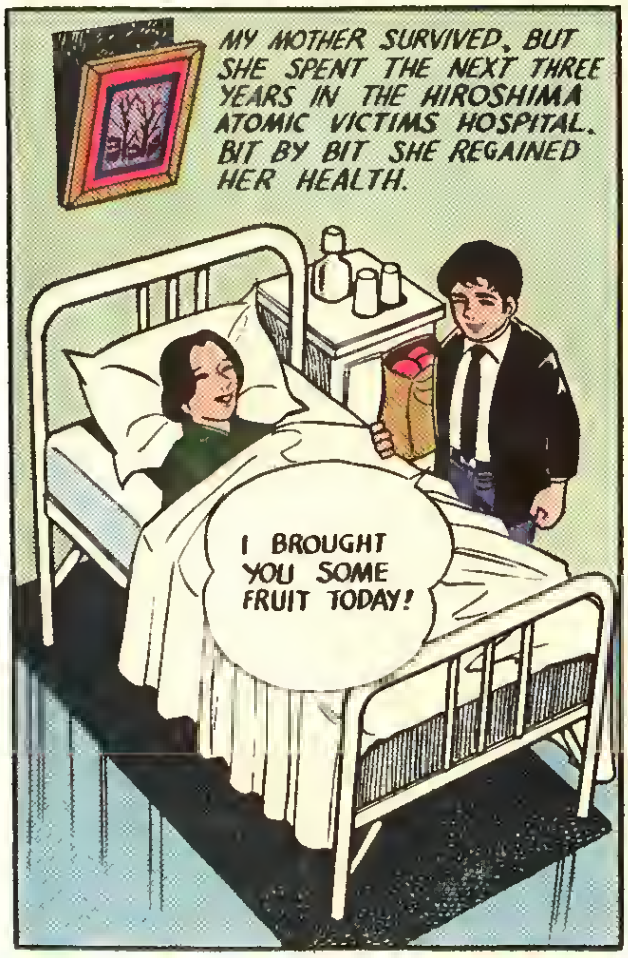

REGISTERED LETTER FOR MR. NAKAZAWA.
YES?
FOR ME?
YAHOO! I GOT SECOND PRIZE FOR THAT SIXTEEN PAGE MANUSCRIPT I SENT IN TO FUNNYBOOK!
I'LL BUY A PALETTE AND WATER DISH WITH THIS!
I WAS OVER-JOYED TO GET THAT FIRST PAYMENT FOR A STORY — 2000 YEN.
I USE THAT SAME PALETTE AND WATER DISH TODAY.
店
WHEN I WAS NINE-TEEN I WAS GIVEN FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SIGNPAINTING WORK. MAYBE IT MADE ME A LITTLE COCKY... ANYWAY I TURNED INTO SOMETHING OF A WILD KID.
SOMETHING REMINDED ME OF YOUUUU, BAYBEEEE... I WANNA SEE YOU AGAIN....
I DRANK A LOT AND GOT INTO FIGHTS.
EAT IT BUSTER!

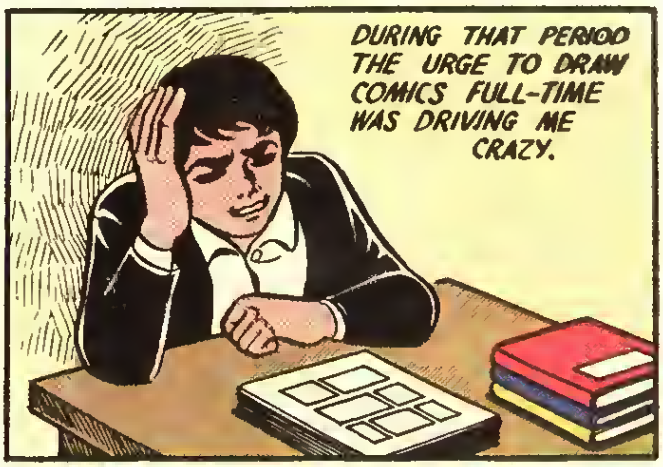

GASP
WHEEZE
ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE, MY MOTHER SUFFERED A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE.

D-DOCTOR, IS SHE...?
TONIGHT IS THE CRITICAL POINT. YOU SHOULD PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE WORST.


漢方薬
PUFF PUFF
I WENT OUT AND COLLECTED EVERY MEDICINE I COULD FIND THAT MIGHT HELP HER.


SHE CAN'T DIE YET! NOT AFTER ALL SHE'S BEEN THROUGH!
I WANT TO BE ABLE TO GIVE HER A FEW GOOD MEMORIES...

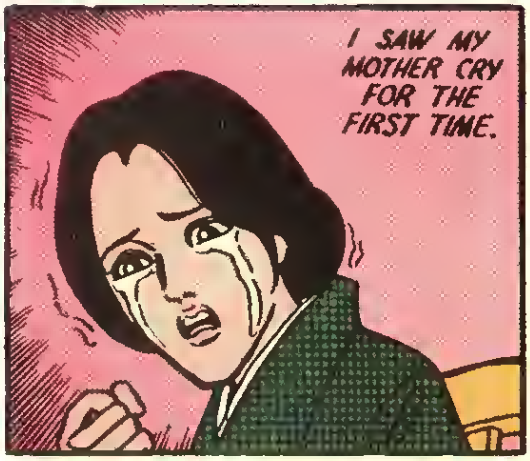

MY MOTHER SURVIVED, BUT SHE SPENT THE NEXT THREE YEARS IN THE HIROSHIMA ATOMIC VICTIMS HOSPITAL. BIT BY BIT SHE REGAINED HER HEALTH.
I BROUGHT YOU SOME FRUIT TODAY!

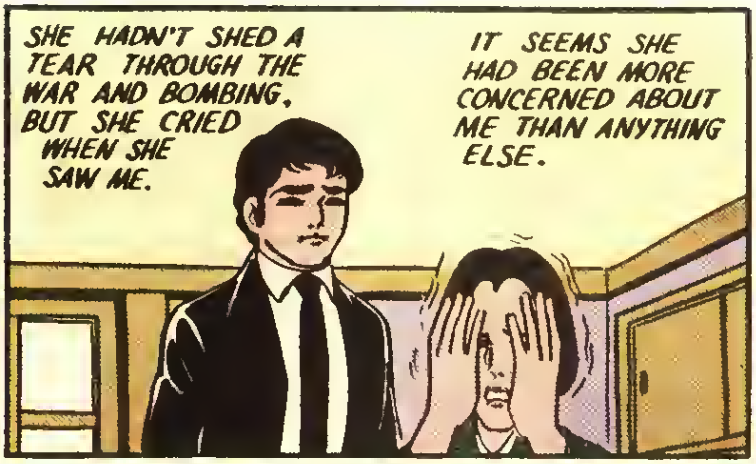

DURING THAT PERIOD THE URGE TO DRAW COMICS FULL-TIME WAS DRIVING ME CRAZY.

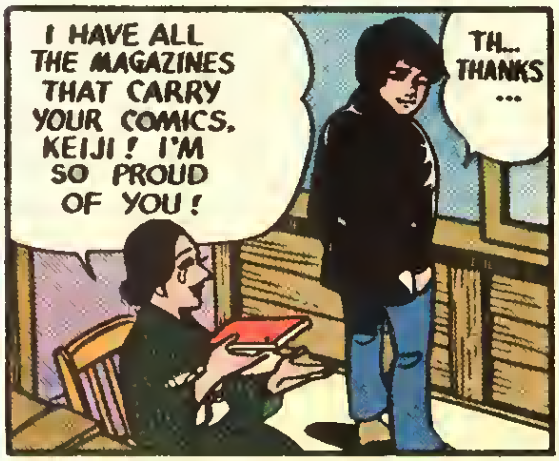
GO TO TOKYO, KEIJI! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF YOU STAY IN HIROSHIMA!
JUST DON'T COME BACK WITH YOUR TAIL BETWEEN YOUR LEGS, UNDERSTAND?

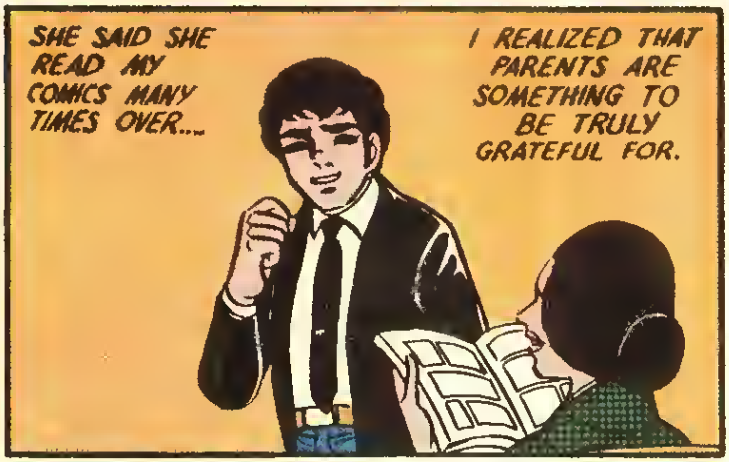
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, YASUTO! I LIVED THROUGH THE A-BOMB... I CAN TAKE ANYTHING!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT! IF YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN THROUGH, NOTHING CAN FAZE YOU!
I'LL DO IT! I'LL GO TO TOKYO AND DRAW COMICS!
I'M GOING TO TOKYO TO BE A CARTOONIST, MAMA!
IF THAT'S THE PATH YOU'VE CHOSEN, KEIJI, DO YOUR BEST BY IT!
I EXPECT TO SEE YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET NEXT TIME I COME HOME!
THEN I CAN SHOW YOU AROUND TOKYO!
FINE, DEAR ....
WHOOOOO
I WAS TWENTY-TWO WHEN I SET OUT FOR TOKYO. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT TO EXPECT.
WHEN THE WHEELS STARTED MOVING, MY ANXIETY AND THE THOUGHT OF LEAVING HIROSHIMA MADE ME WANT TO JUMP OFF THE TRAIN.
CLICK
CLACK
CLICKETY CLICK
CLICKETY CLICK
NO, DAMMIT! I'LL GO, AND I'LL DRAW THE COMICS I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRAW...!

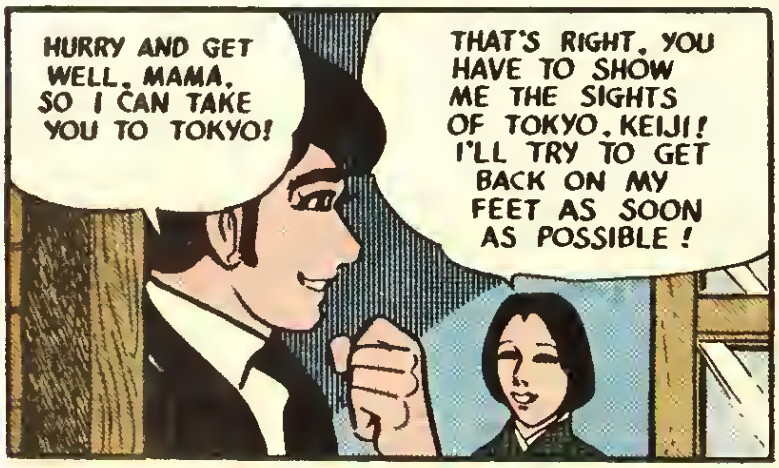
FUMIO ISHII, THE EDITOR WHO HAD SEEN MY WORK, GOT ME A JOB AS ASSISTANT TO DAIJI KAZUMINE. I LIVED IN A TINY ONE-ROOM APARTMENT.
CARTOONING SEEMED MORE AND MORE TO BE AN INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT JOB.
O.K.! WE'LL RUN IT!
AFTER I'D BEEN IN TOKYO HALF A YEAR, I SOLD A ONE-YEAR SERIAL TO BOYS' PICTORIAL AND A DIFFERENT STORY TO BOYS' KING MAGAZINE.
I ALSO SERVED FOR A YEAR AS ASSISTANT TO NAOKI TSUJI.
TIME SURE FLIES.... HAS IT ALREADY BEEN FIVE YEARS?
WHILE CONTINUING MY WORK AS AN ASSISTANT, I ALSO DREW MY OWN COMICS FOR BOYS' MONTHLY, WE, AND OTHER MAGAZINES.
IT SURE WOULD BE NICE TO SEE MAMA'S FACE AGAIN..
AFTER FIVE YEARS' ABSENCE, I RETURNED TO HIROSHIMA. MY MOTHER WAS WELL, BUT SHE STILL COULDN'T WALK FREELY.


I SAW MY MOTHER CRY FOR THE FIRST TIME.


SHE HADN'T SHED A TEAR THROUGH THE WAR AND BOMBING, BUT SHE CRIED WHEN SHE SAW ME.
IT SEEMS SHE HAD BEEN MORE CONCERNED ABOUT ME THAN ANYTHING ELSE.


I HAVE ALL THE MAGAZINES THAT CARRY YOUR COMICS, KEIJI! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!
TH... THANKS ...


SHE SAID SHE READ MY COMICS MANY TIMES OVER...
I REALIZED THAT PARENTS ARE SOMETHING TO BE TRULY GRATEFUL FOR.


HURRY AND GET WELL, MAMA, SO I CAN TAKE YOU TO TOKYO!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU HAVE TO SHOW ME THE SIGHTS OF TOKYO, KEIJI! I'LL TRY TO GET BACK ON MY FEET AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

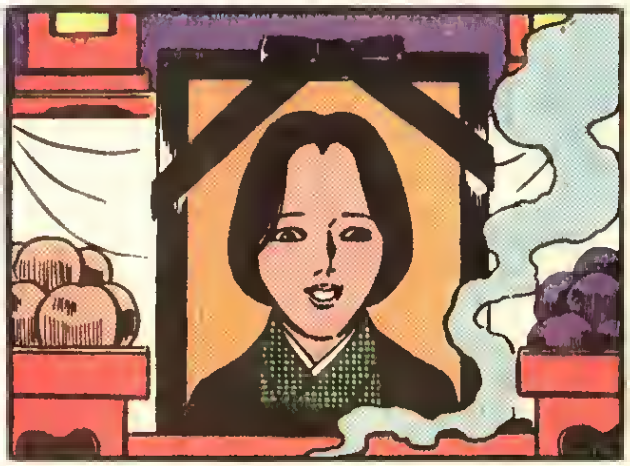
ON THAT SAME TRIP TO HIROSHIMA I MET THE LADY WHO IS NOW MY WIFE.

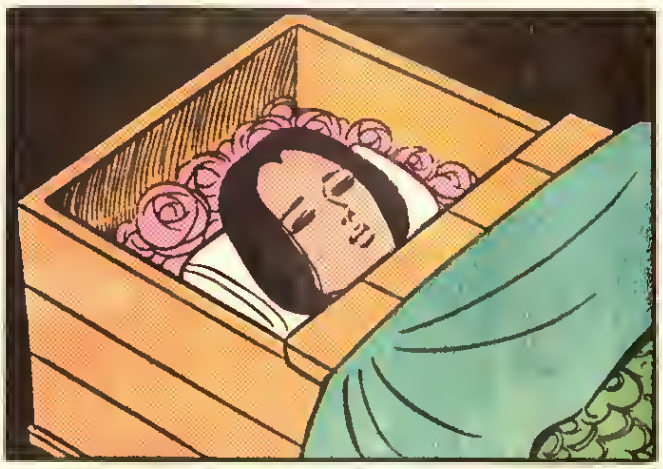
I RETURNED TO TOKYO AND RESUMED MY LIFE AS BOTH A CARTOONIST'S ASSISTANT AND CREATOR OF MY OWN WORK.

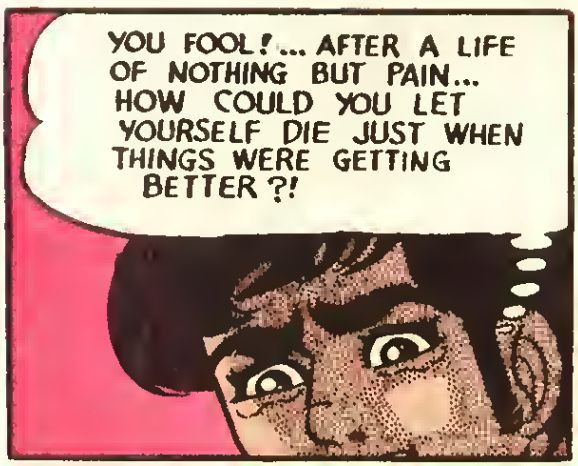
WHEN I WAS 27, MY FIANCEE AND I GOT MARRIED IN HIROSHIMA.

I CAN DIE HAPPY NOW, KEIJI. NOW THAT YOU'RE MARRIED, MY LIFE'S COMPLETE.
DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!
I'M GONNA MAKE THINGS EVEN EASIER FOR YOU NOW! SO YOU'D BETTER LIVE A LONG TIME AND ENJOY IT!
SO HURRY AND GET WALKING AGAIN SO WE CAN TAKE YOU TO TOKYO!
Y-YES, DEAR....
TELE-GRAM FOR MR. NAKA-ZAWA !
NO SOONER HAD WE RETURNED FROM THE WEDDING TO TOKYO ....
ハハシス スグ カエレ
"MOTHER DEAD. COME AT ONCE." M-M-MOTHER....
WHY COULDN'T SHE HAVE LIVED A LITTLE LONGER ...?
AAGH! I CAN'T STOP SHAKING....
MOTHER, YOU FOOL! YOU FOOL!

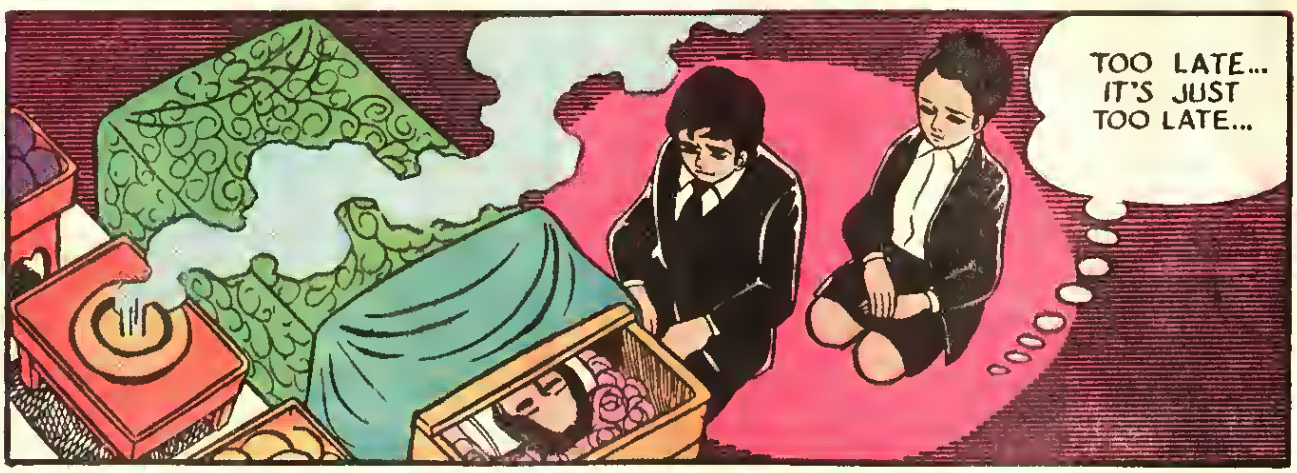
MY MOTHER HAD DIED.... WAS IT BECAUSE SHE COULD FINALLY REST EASY WITH ME MARRIED?





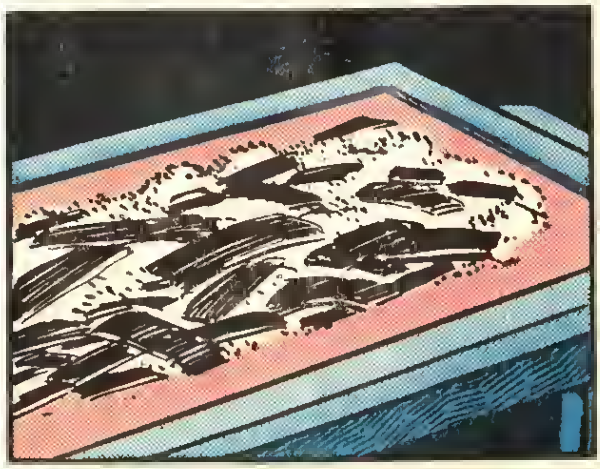

YOU FOOL!... AFTER A LIFE OF NOTHING BUT PAIN... HOW COULD YOU LET YOURSELF DIE JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GETTING BETTER?!

MY CHILD WILL BE BORN SOON...
I WANTED MAMA TO BE ABLE TO HOLD HER FIRST GRANDCHILD..


TOO LATE... IT'S JUST TOO LATE...

RATTLE RATTLE

.....
....
YOU MAY TAKE THE ASHES NOW.



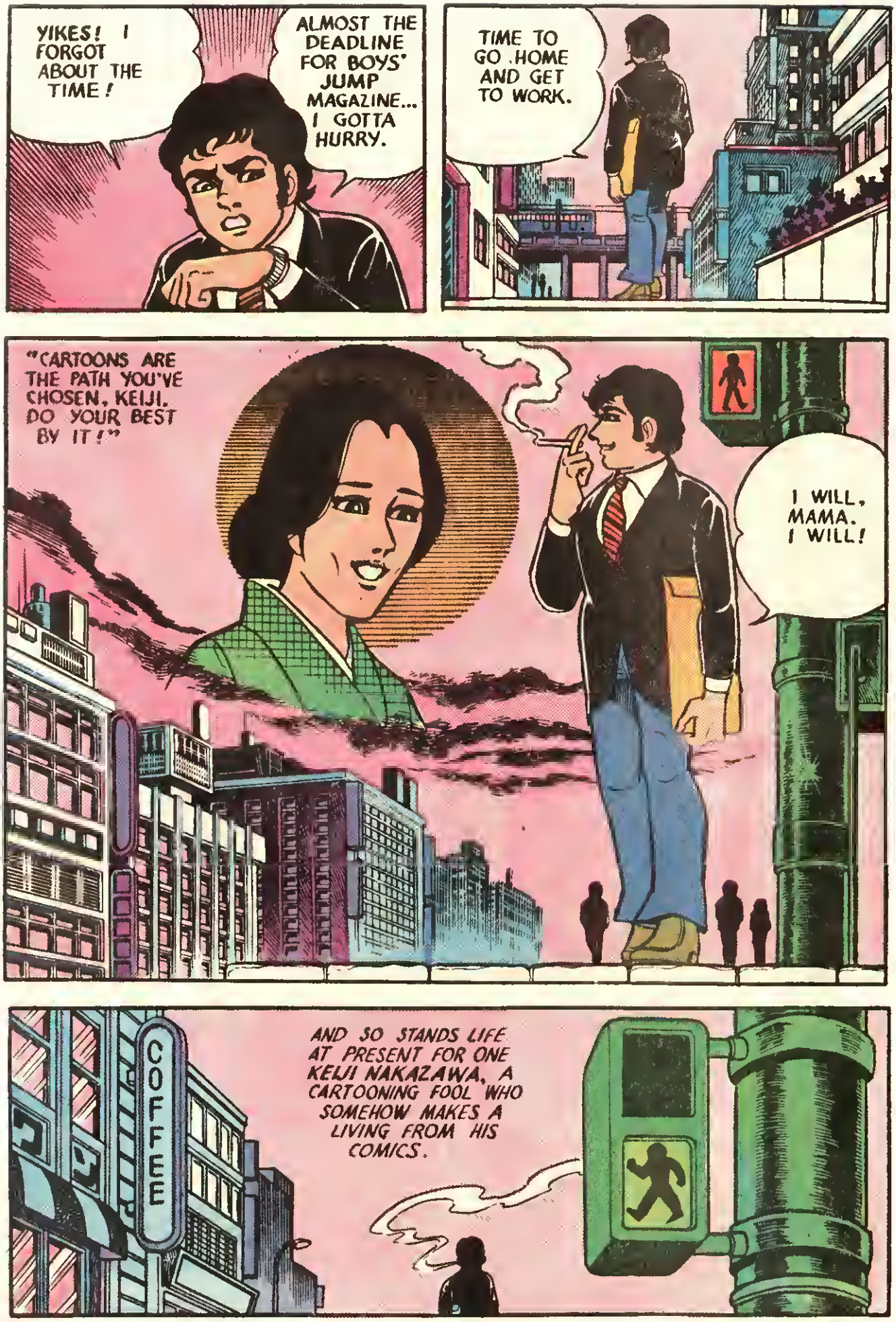
TH-THERE'S NO BONES !!
IS THIS WHITE POWDER ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THEM?

DAMMIT. I SAW ENOUGH BODIES CREMATED AFTER THE BOMBING TO KNOW WHAT THEY SHOULD LOOK LIKE ....

AFTER A CREMATION THE BONES STILL RETAIN THEIR SHAPE...BUT THERE ARE NO BONES IN MY MOTHER'S ASHES....

DAMN THE BOMB! DAMN THE RADIATION THAT CONSUMED MY MOTHER'S VERY BONES! EVEN AFTER SHE DIED, IT WENT ON EATING AWAY AT HER....
THAT DAMNED BOMB... THERE'S NO END TO IT....
GIVE THEM BACK!! GIVE ME BACK MY MOTHER'S BONES!!
I'LL DRAW CARTOONS ABOUT THE ATOMIC BOMB, DAMN IT! I'LL FIGHT IT AND DESTROY IT THROUGH *CARTOONS!!*
AND I'LL SHOW THE ONES WHO STARTED THE WAR. THE ONES WHO USED US AS THEIR *PLAYTHINGS!*
HOW CAN I FORGIVE THEM, HOW CAN I LEAVE THEM BE? ... THOSE MURDERERS... THAT BOMB...

IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS NOW SINCE MY MOTHER DIED. I'VE DRAWN A LOT OF CARTOONS ABOUT THE ATOMIC BOMB.
I NEVER GOT TO TAKE HER ON THAT TOUR OF TOKYO...
"WHEN YOU WANT TO REPAY YOUR PARENTS, IT'S TOO LATE."
SPLAT!
WHY'D YOU DO THAT, DEAR?
I DIDN'T LIKE THAT ICE CREAM!
CAN I HAVE SOME CAKE INSTEAD, MAMA?
OH, I SUPPOSE SO....
KIDS SURE HAVE IT GOOD TODAY....
I REALLY REALLY LOVE YOU!
YEAH! ME TOO, BABY! I LOVE YOU TOO!
PEACETIME ... I WISH I COULD HAVE BEEN BORN AT A TIME LIKE THIS TOO, Y'KNOW!


YIKES! I FORGOT ABOUT THE TIME!
ALMOST THE DEADLINE FOR BOYS' JUMP MAGAZINE... I GOTTA HURRY.
TIME TO GO HOME AND GET TO WORK.
"CARTOONS ARE THE PATH YOU'VE CHOSEN, KEIJI. DO YOUR BEST BY IT!"
I WILL, MAMA. I WILL!
COFFEE
AND SO STANDS LIFE AT PRESENT FOR ONE KEIJI NAKAZAWA, A CARTOONING FOOL WHO SOMEHOW MAKES A LIVING FROM HIS COMICS.

To the Readers of I SAW IT

The primitive atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki thirty-seven years ago seem nearly forgotten in the current rush to produce weapons capable of wiping humanity off the face of the earth. Today the nuclear arms race proceeds unabated, unquestioned and accepted as inevitable by far too many. Now, more than ever, people all over the world must take a hard look at the facts about those first primitive weapons used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

I know more than enough about those bombs; I was caught in the midst of the Hiroshima holocaust myself. Never have I felt more strongly than I do now that the human race must transcend its ideological differences to stop the arms race and eliminate such weapons. It saddens me that, for all our scientific progress, we human beings remain forever caught in old ways of thinking.

I SAW IT is only one small part of the truth about the atomic bomb, but I hope it will convey to you the horrible destructive power of nuclear weapons. We must oppose war and militarism; we must work to eliminate nuclear weapons.

—Keiji Nakazawa

Mr. Nakazawa currently lives in suburban Tokyo with his wife and daughter. A nineteen volume anthology of his work, The Peace Comics Collection, *was published recently. He frequently lectures to high school assemblies and citizen groups throughout Japan on the experiences of those who died and those who survived the atomic bomb. He is now working on a feature-length animated version of* Gen.

You can write to Keiji Nakazawa c/o Educomics, box 40246, San Francisco, California, 94140, U.S.A.

Keiji Nakazawa's first published cartoon work came out in 1963. Since then he has had over 50 book-length serials published in paperback format or in Japanese children's comic weeklies.

Nakazawa's first work on the subject of the atomic bomb was **Kuroi Amé ni Utareté** *("Struck by Black Rain")*, published in 1968. Other notable works include:

Aru Hi Totsuzen Ni *("Suddenly One Day")*—the day of the A-bomb (1970)

Okinawa—life in wartime and postwar U.S.-occupied Okinawa (1970-1)

Ore Wa Mita (I Saw It)—autobiography (1972)

Hadashi no Gen (Barefoot Gen)—(1973-4)

Geki no Kawa *("Geki's River")*—prewar Japan and the Manchurian invasion (1976-7)

Yukari no Ki no Shita De *("Under the Eucalyptus Tree")*—the post-bomb generation (1977)

Itsuka Mita Aoi Sora *("When We Last Saw Blue Sky")*—discrimination against A-bomb victims (1978)

A feature film version of **Hadashi no Gen** won first prize for best screenplay at the Czech Film Festival in 1977. This story was also adapted into an opera, which was performed in Okinawa and Hiroshima to critical acclaim.

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#1 #2

BAREFOOT GEN

Orè Wa Mita (I SAW IT) appeared in a special edition of Shonen Jampu ("Boy's Jump") magazine in September 1972. The editor liked the work and urged me to create a longer serial based on Orè Wa Mita. He said he was sure I had much more I wanted to say.

Encouraged by his enthusiasm, I began writing the series that first appeared in the weekly Shonen Jampu in June 1973 and ran for a year and a half: Hadashi no Gen (Barefoot Gen).

Gen's family and the other characters in the story are all people who really existed. Gen is myself.

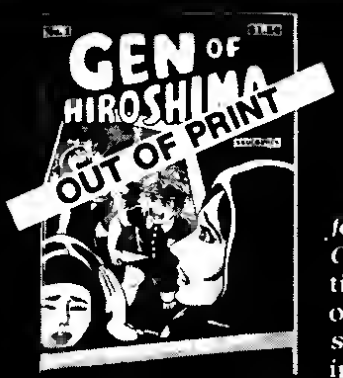
—Keiji Nakazawa

Barefoot Gen is a novel-length cartoon epic about seven year old Gen Nakaoka and his family. Together they endure wartime life under a military government, only to be plunged into the world's first nuclear holocaust and its aftermath of devastation, radiation sickness and social breakdown.

Despite its tragic and often brutal context, Barefoot Gen is a story of hope and triumph of the human spirit. It is also a graphic acount of the consequences of nuclear war.

Keiji Nakazawa's Barefoot Gen is a historical fiction based closely on his own experiences. Volume I describes life in wartime Hiroshima from the Spring of 1945 through the dropping of the bomb. Volume II recreates the ordeal of the survivors in the days following the bombing. Each volume is approximately 300 pages.

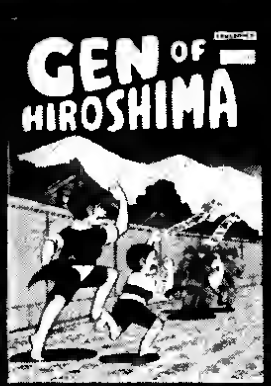
Donations to speed the translation, publication and distribution of the third and fourth volumes of Barefoot Gen can be sent to Project Gen, 1280 Fourth Avenue #3, San Francisco, California, 94122. Project Gen is an all volunteer, not-for-profit organization.



GEN OF HIROSHIMA

#1 #2

In 1980 Educomics began serializing *Barefoot Gen* in comic book format under the title *Gen of Hiroshima*. This series was discontinued in order to concentrate on *I SAW IT* and other projects. The first issue of *Gen of Hiroshima* is out of print. The second 56 page installment is still available from Educomics. Retail price is $2.



I SAW IT

Free Teacher's Guide and Lesson Plan

Educomics will send free information on how to present nuclear war issues to children and a lesson plan for using *I SAW IT* in classrooms for the asking with orders of 30 or more copies.

Free Poster

An attractive 11 x 17 inch, two-color poster advertising the availability of *I SAW IT* is yours with orders of 20 or more copies. It features endorsements of *I SAW IT* written by leading cartoonists and peace educators.

8:15 am, August 6, 1945. Six miles above the city of Hiroshima, bomb bay doors snapped open to release "Little Boy," a code-name for the world's first atomic bomb.

In an instant thousands of lives were destroyed, while the city's buildings, books and paintings caught fire and burned. The survivors discovered later that the bomb had permanently tainted them with its invisible contamination.

Keiji Nakazawa was six years old when he experienced this holocaust. He survived to write and draw this story.

I SAW IT

A Pyramid Scan
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